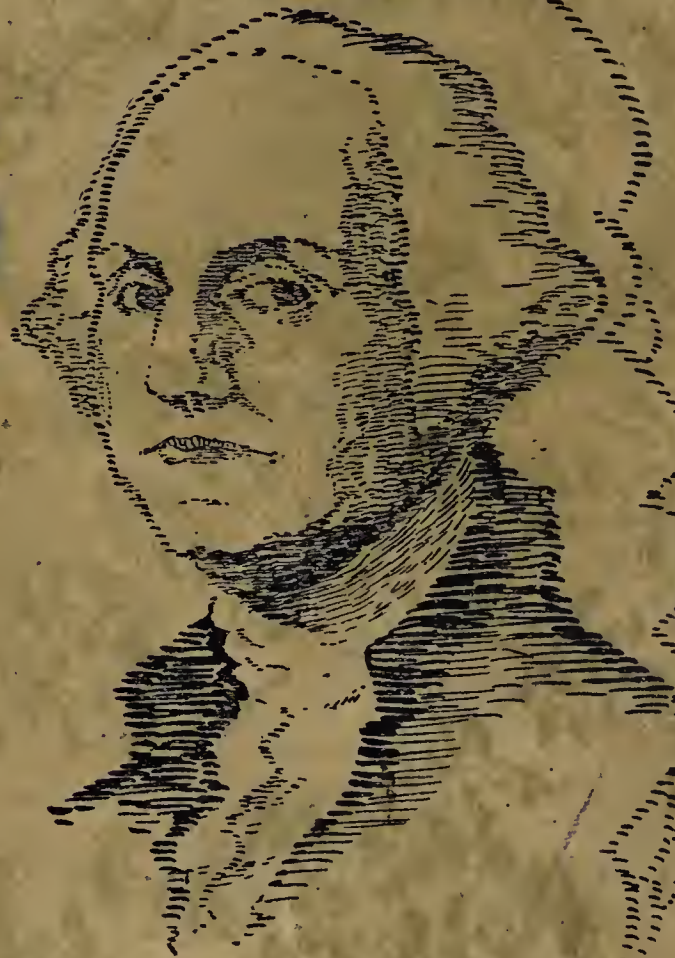


Dorothy Mae Middleton
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P.H.S.



Historical
Alexandria
Issue



W.CROWDER

THE MASONIC MEMORIAL

Petersburg High School

Dorothy Mae Middleton
304 Hinton Street
City

Mary Talbott

THE MISSILE

JANUARY, 1937



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSBURG, VA.

THE MISSILE P

VOL. XXV

PETERSBURG, VA., JANUARY, 1937

No. One

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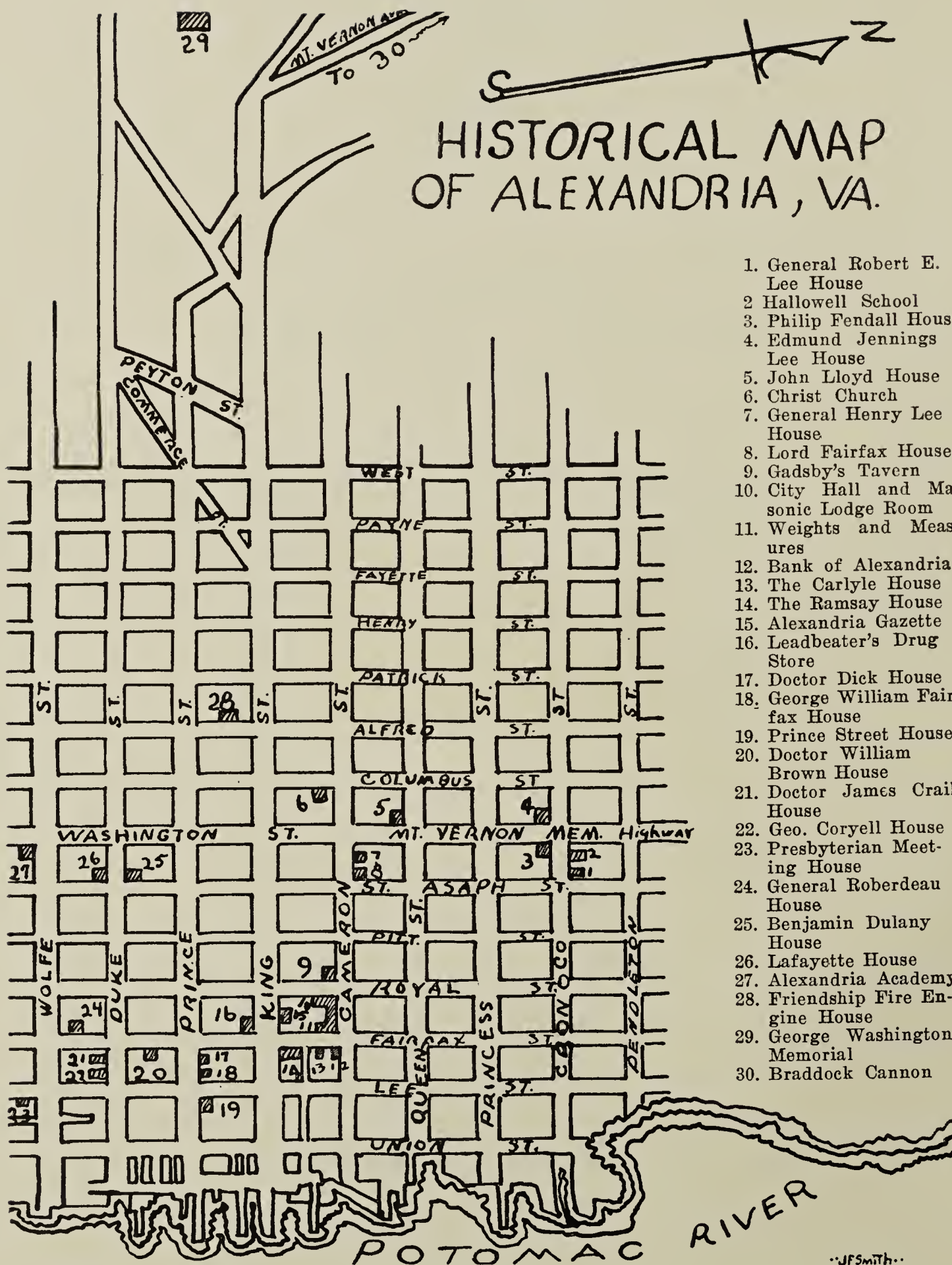
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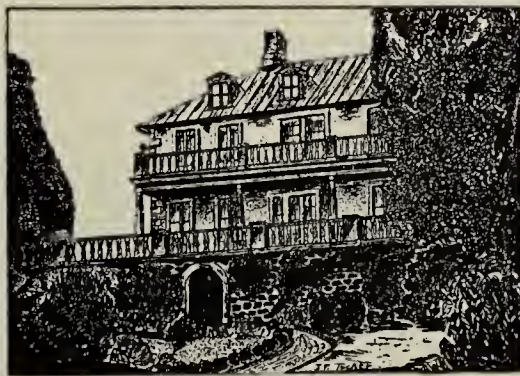
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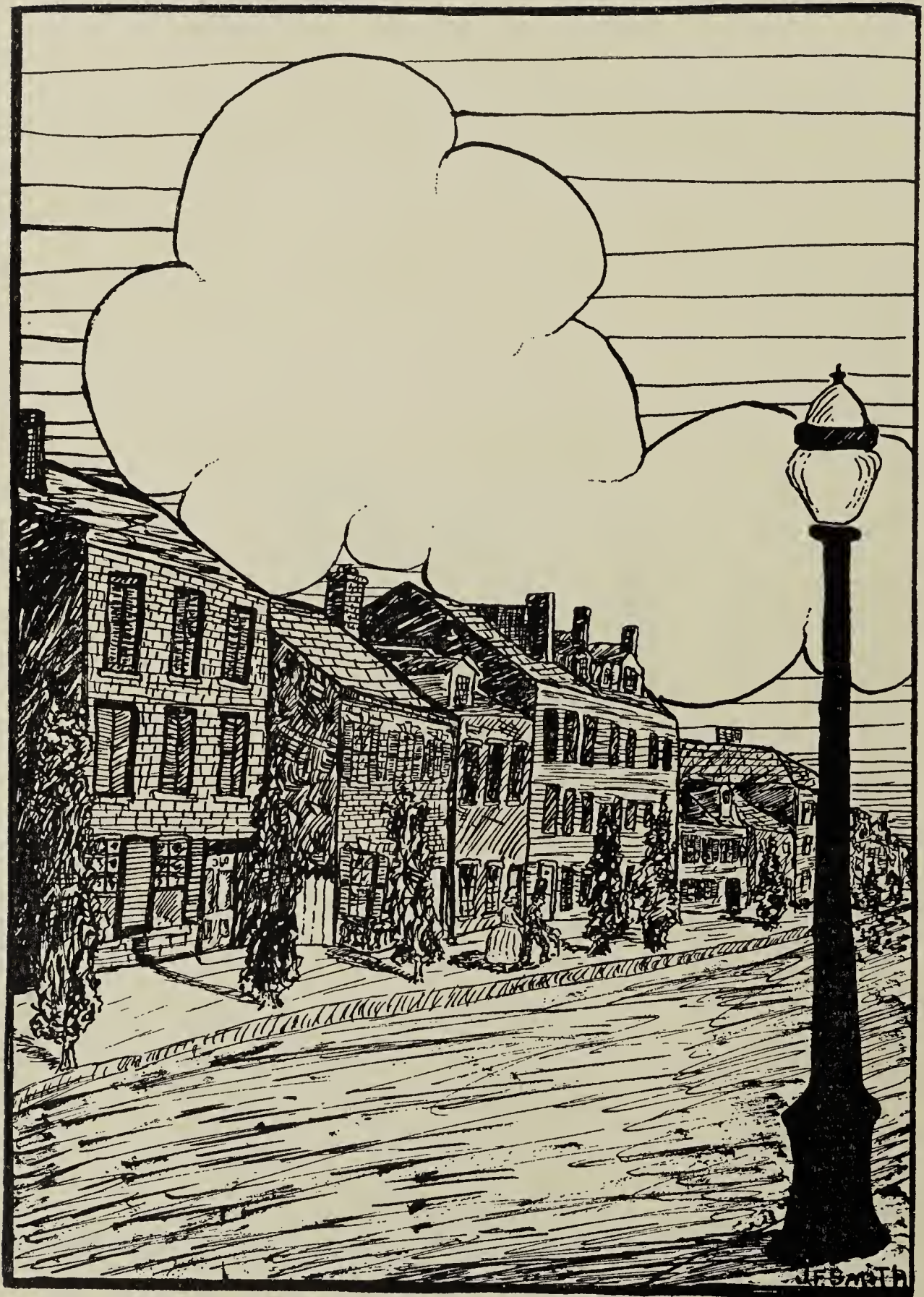
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CARLYLE HOUSE





Washington's Home Town

By Jean Owens



LEXANDRIA is like the old lady who is so apt to bore you with tales of long-past "belle" days. The error in the simile is that Alexandria, though old, is never boring and still remains beautiful in various buildings. Colonial architecture lives in restoration, and names that are history were its city fathers. Turning an ankle on the picturesque cobblestone streets, I muttered imprecations on the Hessian prisoners of 1785 who laid them; conversely, those streets were named for the men who had named the first streets—Prince, Princess, King, Queen, and so forth—to show their loyalty to England. The most renowned of its roads is the famed "King's Highway," which has its source in this city and follows an old Indian trail to Williamsburg. It was originally known as the "Rolling Road," due to the fact that early settlers rolled their tobacco in hogshead along this highway.

Alexandria at its peak was as Washington and Lee knew it—a city whose river front was a picturesque scene of maritime activity and whose first families were the political as well as the social leaders of the nation. Wandering through buildings that sheltered Revolutionary and Civil War heroes, I catch myself wondering if the old places remember their own stories. And then from the words of the guide a perpetually moving picture of history unfolds itself:

When Governor Berkeley in 1660 granted Robert Howsan 6000 acres of land bordering on the Potomac extending from Hunting Creek on the

South to Little Falls on the North, he never suspected that in that very area the American Constitution would be dreamed of to begin a country that rivals England. And when Howson sold it to John Alexander for 6600 pounds of tobacco, do you suppose that astute merchant dreamed that that same land would sell tobacco to England amounting to the value of 768,000 pounds sterling? It was not until 1732 that shrewd Scotch merchants recognized the worth of this land and established there the tobacco shipping port, Hunting Creek Ware House. Around this point grew up the little hamlet of Belhaven which was incorporated in 1748 by Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Lawrence Washington, John Carlyle and other leaders and renamed Alexandria for the original owners.

Then began her days as belle of Northern Virginia when Washington was her hero. Picture the lively city fired by the excitement of a ship arriving from England, laden with luxuries of manufactures and news from Old Country relatives. From miles around estates are emptied of life to bring their one produce—tobacco. Grinning negroes, ambling along in their customary manner, sometimes forget themselves so far in the rush as even to hurry a bit.

If the ship carried negroes for sale, they were hustled to "The Pen," and the auctioneer began his ranting. Here, perhaps, was the vilest home of the slave—dirty, smelly, revolting block where humanity was bought and sold. Needless to say, the bitterest opponents of this aspect of slavery were the southern gentlemen.

To follow the frenzied buying and selling the local gentry usually staged a fox hunt with a cock-fight or a horse race on the side for those who did not indulge in the sport handed down from English ancestors. At night the ladies held sway at Birthnight balls and at the theatre during its season. This pleasant social life was kept from excess by their devotion to their church—principally the Established Church of England. There was no cessation to the visiting between the widely scattered estates. Guests came without invitation for a week or a month's stay and were not considered "Will Wimbles." It was this constant visiting which constituted the social life of the colonies. Often abused but never refused hospitality sometimes—speaking literally—ate up every profit of the plantation, and owners of homes on the main highway were compelled to build another house inland to escape from the colonial code of courtesy. Guests at many of these sempiternal "open houses" were men of world-wide reputation. John Carlyle was host to John Paul Jones, the first American admiral, James Rumsey, inventor of the first steamboat, Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, rivals for the Presidency, in the exquisite setting of the "Carlyle House." And it was in the pleasant English atmosphere of this

same house that five Royal Governors met in 1754 to arrange a campaign against the encroachments of the French and Indians on western territory. When, unsuspecting its far-reaching consequences, they recommended a tax measure to Lord North, that "Congress of Alexandria" became the beginning of the subsequent Congress of the United States.

As a direct result of this conference of nobility, Braddock with a thousand British regulars made Carlyle House the headquarters of their ill-fated expedition. Then too, it was here that Washington began his military career as aide-de-camp to the British commander—in the house where he had made love to his first sweetheart, Sally Cary.

On one dark night of April, 1777, during the darkest hours of the colonies, a German and a Frenchman, losing their way en route to join Washington's army, were guided to Gadsby's Tavern by a young Scotchman. This collection of nationalities was the Baron de Kalb, the Marquis de Lafayette, and John Paul Jones. Report has it that they talked far into the night. Perhaps they formulated plans for the help of their respective countries to end the war quickly. But I think a great part of the conversation was concerning the beautiful Creole daughter of General Roberdeau from the West Indies with whom Lafayette was infatuated. At this popular King's Highway roadhouse of the eighteenth century Washington, as adjutant-general of Virginia, had his headquarters. And it was only fitting that the city at whose Assembly Hall in 1785 Daniel Janifer, Thomas Stone, Samuel Chase of Maryland and George Mason, Alexander Henderson, and George Washington of Virginia met in a boundary-line conference that resulted in the first steps toward the Constitution should hold the first celebration of its adoption in 1787. And what more natural than that it should be held in the great banquet hall of Gadsby's Tavern, famed throughout Virginia for its cuisine? Very probably this dinner with its gathering of notables was front-page news for the oldest daily newspaper in the United States, The Alexandria Gazette, which dates from 1784. Prior to drawing up the United States Constitution George Mason, an Alexandrian, self-educated planter, was the author of the Fairfax County Resolves, the Virginia Bill of Rights and the first constitution of the state of Virginia. Possibly he was even then preparing for his grand climax.

After the miraculously successful close of the Revolutionary War, Washington, in the role of "Father of His Country," did not neglect his home-town. A model citizen, he was a member of the Board of Trustees and President of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, begun by him as the Powtomack Company. Another "first" of the first president was the Alexandria Academy, the first free school in Virginia.

A modern memorial to Washington, the Masonic National Memorial to their first Worshipful Master, stands upon the original choice of James Madison for the site of the national capitol. The selection of Shooter's Hill behind Alexandria was vetoed by Washington for some unknown personal reason. Nevertheless, the first boundary stone of the District of Columbia was located at Jones' Point by the Alexandria Lodge of Masons and included Georgetown as well as Alexandria. Congress returned to Virginia in 1846 all the land on the west bank of the Potomac, but the continual growth of Washington may make it necessary for that land to be receded to the government.

* * *

In the second act of her prominence Alexandria took a leading part in the drama of the War Between the States. It was one of the strange contradictions of the time that this definitely Southern city should have been made capital of Pierpont's farcical "Restored Government of Virginia." Although the northernmost city of Virginia, with a population of perhaps 12,000 had sent 700 men to the Confederate army, it was a part of the national capital and lay within the circle of forts that protected Washington. Because of this latter fact, Francis Pierpont, confident of the Union's success, chose to establish the valid General Assembly of the State of Virginia in Alexandria. With a vote of twelve of its members (against one) he followed Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation with a constitutional provision for abolition of slavery in this State of Virginia. In view of the fact that no one could vote who had given assistance to the Confederacy, the number of voters was negligible; taxes were insufficient for support of the government. Consequently, before the close of the war, their jurisdiction was limited to two counties, Alexandria and Fairfax.

However, with the victory of the Union forces, the state government of the Confederacy was declared null and void, and Pierpont was directed to take charge of the civil administration of all Virginia. Governor Pierpont, in all justice, was strongly in favor of Lincoln's plan of Reconstruction, but with the President's assassination and the Reconstruction days which followed, no power on earth could have saved Virginia the ravages of the war's aftermath.

Placed as it was between two fires, there were incidents derogatory to both sides. There was the woman who was so pleasingly courteous to one Confederate troop that they took away all that they could to remember her by. Not wanting them to miss anything she sent her old colored Moses with a scraggly donkey they had somehow overlooked. The general said, "Thank you."

Better known is the circumstance that the first blood shed in the war

was because of a suggestion of Mrs. Lincoln's, thereby proving definitely that the woman is the "Speaker of the House." Colonel Ellsworth promised the First Lady the Confederate flag which James Jackson flaunted from the Marshall House under the very nose of the Federal Government. When the southern sympathizer refused to surrender the flag, one night Ellsworth, at the head of the New York Zouaves, went up on the roof to take it by force. Awakened by the noise, Jackson came out with his gun and upon being refused the flag shot the Federal officer. He was immediately shot dead and bayoneted by the Zouaves. This was in May, 1861.

* * *

. . . . Buildings so closely associated with Washington, Mason, Lee and others I find difficult to think of as being in use today. Those places which saw the growth of thirteen colonies to a Union of forty-eight states are now gazing complacently at events that future generations will consider history.



April

By Claudia Morris

Sometimes it's a baby with dimpling cheek,
On downy pillows of snowy white,
Softly breathing in infant sleep
And smiling sweetly in secret delight.

Sometimes it's a baby with tear-dimmed eye,
Who wakens, and mother is not by his side.
When mother hears and runs at his cry,
A smile breaks through, and the storm has died.

Sonnets

Cry of a Simple Heart

By Bess Windham

They'd paint with words sweet songs for their delight,
And though they are great, they sound to me in vain;
For I would say this night is as each night—
The moon has come; tomorrow there'll be rain.

They'd say the moon rose jeweled in the sky,
And is shining caught in golden haloed rings;
I'd say the moon is like a fire up high—
The heavens are deep; the fragrant darkness clings.

Inspired their words would paint the starlit way—
The moonlight gleaming like a silken sheen;
My bursting heart would only leaping say,
"I do not know. Oh speak! What does it mean?"

Oh, I'll not listen when their thoughts take wings—
For I can only simply praise these things.

Strange Thought

By Catherine Wyatt

We grew up together, she and I;
We walked and played together while we grew.
She did all the planning; I stood by,
And oft I marveled at the things she knew.

She mapped and planned her future day by day,
And all the things she did, she did so well.
Always in her work and in her play
In all she undertook, she would excel;

Always strove to reach some higher goal,
Strained toward another rung in the ladder of fame.
While I, I captured nothing to extol,
Aspired to nothing, coveted no name.

'Twas thus we grew together side by side,
How very strange it seems: I lived; she died.

Winter Wins

By Kenneth Tipton

When leaves have dressed in brown and green and gold
And summer's fragrant breath has breathed its last,
Then winter's breath is a chilly, killing blast.
The last of summer's flowers stand brave and bold.
Soon they will bow to winds so strong and cold
As others did in many seasons past;
When birds to southern homes are flying fast
Then aged winter reigns like kings of old.

Like human lives the seasons make their change,
From bright and blissful days to bleak and bare,
When youth defies old age to take its place.
If we just had our lives to rearrange,
Like flowers in the winter's wind we'd dare
Old age to take our place in life's long race.

Futility of Fame

By Evelyn Reade

I hope before I die to have achieved
An act by which my memory will survive,
Remaining in the minds of those alive
As compensation, when of life relieved,
And reason for my being. 'Tis believed
That all, when dying, ultimately strive
Before those angels garbed in black arrive
To stir a memory in those bereaved.

But what is there in leaving lasting fame
Since fame is futile in the face of death?
And usually the world forgets your name
Almost as soon as He has stilled your breath;
And, too, what glory lies in living on
When those who knew and loved you, too,
are gone?

Hot Buns

By Catherine Wyatt



OME, on a brisk October afternoon after six hours of school, and then hot buns. I know of nothing that I like better than to sit down to their enjoyment.

The smell of them travels a long way. It meets me at the corner. Then I know for certain and sure that the pan has just been removed from the oven. How the thought hastens my footsteps! How it shortens the stretch to the kitchen door! Just let me into the kitchen. That is as far as I care to go, for cinnamon buns should be eaten in the warm spring atmosphere which their cooking has created. Give me a seat on the kitchen stool with my toes hooked behind the side rungs. Lay the spatula handy to chip in some extra bits of goo and a-ah!

I take one. Goody-good! "Just two," I say to the uneasy thought of my tendency toward weight. After that I stop counting. The only way you will ever find out exactly how many I ate is to take a sworn statement from each member of the family as to how many he or she ate; add in the remainder, if there is any, subtract the sum from the total.

Sometimes when I visit my grandfather his roving eyes center on me. I know exactly what's coming. "Your Aunt Belinda Betty Jane weighed three hundred pounds. Catherine is going to take after her." And then the ghost of the last batch of cinnamon buns rises up to haunt me.

Shades of my ancestors! I should worry about my Aunt Belinda. Perhaps her glands went wild. Perhaps she never saw a cinnamon bun. So bring on the next batch. Hot, spicy cinnamon buns, all gooey with brown sugar! Have I made your mouth water? No? Then my powers of description are a failure. Oh! You said yes? Oh! Then come around next baking day.



The Emerald

By Edward Spiers

I.
INDIA - 1885



OVER Jaipur, far in the interior of mysterious India, a relentless sun beat upon an indigent population of natives, the greater number of whom lay about in the shaded places taking their noonday nap as had been the custom of their race for innumerable generations. The aborigines seemed in no way prejudiced in the means of escape from the broiling sun. They were perfectly content to curl up in the filthy corners of the low, dingy abodes or beneath any other protection that served to lessen the nearly unbearable heat which sapped every spark of vitality from their sweltering bodies.



Although the tortuous streets were usually infested with tourists, itinerant musicians, and soldiers of fortune, today they surrendered their appearance in lieu of their respective dwellings to evade the penetrating rays of the sun.

Thus making himself conspicuous by only his presence, a man wended his way through the numerous vegetable wagons and trinket stalls that obstructed his progress, causing him to make a somewhat circuitous route before reaching his destination.

The pace that he assumed would also have been noticeable, for his steps were too long and too rapid for anyone having been in the locality of Jaipur for any length of time. He was a white man, dressed as any other civilized traveler would have been, having on the customary white suit, white shoes and a large, white tropical helmet.

Any native who might have had the energy to glance twice at this

tourist would have been completely justified in thinking that he was going to the Temple of Naida, as he was walking toward it, and the temple was the only attraction to sightseers in that direction.

The Temple of Naida was constructed directly at the termination of the cobbled street. At least it would seem so, but the street was the result of the temple; for centuries the natives had gone to this obscure temple from miles around to worship the huge idol that it sheltered. Gradually they had settled along the sides of this path until a small community had been established. They named this community Jaipur.

The man's quick and deliberate steps gave evidence of the fact that he was well aware of what he wanted to do. After the lapse of a very few minutes he stood on the steps of the great temple, whose whole structure shimmered in the terrific heat. The man stood there for a moment mopping his brow, from which exuded moisture which flowed freely. The huge temple blended harmoniously with the similar buildings which enclosed either side of the narrow street. He stopped short in his mental appraisal of his surroundings as if he were in a hurry, then found himself, after taking several steps, within the great hall of the Temple of Naida, the temple which housed the protecting god of the Jaipur ascetics.

In the center of the great hall the immense idol immediately arrested his attention. It was the only inanimate object in the hall. A ponderous bronze masterpiece of Indian craftsmanship, approximately twenty feet high and seemingly nearly as wide, entirely dominated the room by the grotesque features of its physiognomy. The idol sat upright on its haunches, its legs crossed Turkish fashion. The misshapen arms were folded across its massive chest in grim defiance of all who entered. About two inches below a mass of serpentine curls there was set the object of all that the tourist population of Jaipur came to see. Emitting an incredible, greenish radiancy, imbedded in the bronze forehead was an oriental emerald. Its beauty and size alone were enough to attract the attention of even a novice in the knowledge of rare gems.

The man stood motionless within a few feet of the entrance, awed. It was not the beauty or size that held his gaze thus, but an estimate of the mercenary advantages a stone that size could afford flashed through his mind.

Before the seated idol paced a native guard, on whose shoulder there rested an unusually modern rifle for such an obscure locality. The highly polished metal barrel reflected the rays of the sun that shone through the many holes in the ceiling, on whose shafts of light the dust particles slowly floated up and down.

With apparent effort the man drew his eyes away from the hypnotic

gleam of the green gem. He cast them about the room and for the first time was aware that only the guard and he were in the room.

Ostensibly pleased, he approached the guard as if to speak to him. The guard halted, ready to answer any question that the man might happen to ask him.

"Ah," sighed the visitor, "beautiful—just like a gargantuan cat's eye,—oh, I say, I should like to take a few notes."

He reached into his pocket and extracted a small black notebook. As he did so the guard tightened his hold on his rifle, but seeing only a writing pad, he momentarily relaxed his vigilance.

"And my pen," said the man in white, taking one slowly from his coat pocket.

Holding it in his hand so that the end of the pen pointed toward the guard, he made a deft movement with his fingers on the lip of the pen.

From the end of the pen shot a spray of nitric acid, hitting the guard full in the face. The surprised guard, dropping his gun from his grasp, stifled his own cries by attempting to relieve the agonizing pain by instinctively throwing his hands over his face and mouth.

The stranger, drawing back his fist, swung forward with all his weight, knocking the already half-insensible guard to the floor, letting him lie there, the nitric acid slowly disfiguring his features. Now entirely unconscious from the last assault of his assailant, the guard was forgotten as the invader sprang nimbly toward the idol. Experienced hands, whose controlling body stood on the folded arms of the idol, dexterously removed the verdant gem from its setting. Putting the stolen treasure into his pocket he leaped from the arms to the crossed legs and then to the floor, and from there he sped to the door and stopped.

Immediately resuming his pace, he walked out into the front yard of the temple, going even more slowly than before he had entered it.

The stranger retraced his steps down the labyrinthian street, disappearing somewhere into the maze of squalid houses. Behind him—thousands of miles behind him—he left an idol, a bleak, bare, sombre idol whose only attraction was a forehead in which was a hole, that, the natives say, once held an oriental emerald, whose value was worth a king's ransom.

II.

NEW YORK - 1886

Among the numerous gambling-dens and saloons in the Bowery, one particularly was noted for being a little better class than the average. Possibly it was because it was a well-concealed concern, possibly because smaller odds were required on the roulette wheels.

This place was known throughout the underworld as the "Dead Sol-

dier." It was owned by Juan Cortez, a Mexican half-breed who had been a profiteer during the War Between the States and had opened a small speakeasy on the waterfront. Now he was reputed to be the ringleader of several dope smuggling rings, owner of various breweries and the greatest fence for stolen jewelry of anyone outside of Paris.

It was to the "Dead Soldier" that Tony Sparta ordered a carriage. It was also to see Juan Cortez, as Tony knew that soon he would be a wealthier man than he was at the present.

The carriage stopped before an apparently deserted alley, but nevertheless the occupant of the carriage got out, paid the driver, turned, and walked into the gloomy darkness that enveloped the alley.

After having walked about thirty paces he halted in front of a closed door and rapped several times.

A small panel in the door snapped open, and, upon giving his name, Tony was instantly admitted. Striding through the vestibule he utterly ignored the hat check girl, and going into the ball-room he elbowed his way among the dancing couples to the farther side of the building.

He again knocked on another door and was admitted as quickly as upon his entrance into the building. He entered the smoke-permeated room. Gathered around a desk perfectly bare but for a pair of iron book-ends were four big followers of Juan's laughing and talking. Juan was seated in the center of them, his features as set as if the skin on his face were made of marble. They say Juan had never smiled or registered any emotion on his face.

As the gunmen became aware of Tony's presence they ceased to grin and hawhaw.

"Juan," said Tony, "how about seeing you for awhile?"

"O. K.," answered Juan. "Run along boys; I got business."

The four henchmen filed out of the room into the dance hall.

Following them out with his eyes, Tony waited until the door closed behind them before he addressed Juan.

"Juan," said Tony, "I got something to sell you."

"O. K.," drawled Juan. "Flash it."

Drawing from his hip pocket a cigar case, Tony opened it before Juan and removed a pack of ten cigars, held together by one band. Tony removed the band and holding the cigars in his hand over Juan's desk, he broke all ten cigars in half. From the middle of them there fell on the table an emerald that was nearly the size of a hen egg.

Juan's eyes, in spite of years of beholding millions of dollars' worth of diamonds and other precious stones, blinked in response to the stabs of green light that the emerald reflected in them.

"How much?" inquired Juan as he quickly resumed his sphinx-like appearance.

"Eight hundred thousand," Tony replied immediately.

"Five hundred thousand," said Juan, after a moment of contemplation. "It will be a lot of trouble for me to get rid of that."

"I'll take it," answered Tony—"now."

Juan arose from his swivel chair and walked over to the wall that was without ornaments of any kind. Pressed at a certain spot, the wall yielded to Juan's touch. Behind the panel in the wall there appeared a safe, securely riveted to the beams in the wall. After several turns the safe opened and Juan thrust his hand into it. Withdrawing it, he lay on the desk a large pack of thousand dollar bills. Leaning over them he began counting and putting them into a separate pile.

Tony's crafty gaze shifted from object to object in the room and finally came to rest on the bookends at the end of the desk. Slowly he edged his hand toward them. Juan was still counting—"one hundred and eighty-eight, one hundred and eighty-nine." Tony grasped the iron book-end in his hand and, raising it above his head, brought it down with a sickening thud on the base of Juan's skull. Juan slid to the floor without uttering a sound.

Tony scooped the money up into a pile, put the emerald into his pocket with the money, rifled the open safe, and walked quickly to the window on the opposite side of the room. He raised it noiselessly, and putting his legs through the window, he dropped some ten or fifteen feet to the ground below.

Some distance above the ground, through an open window, lace curtains waved farewell to scurrying footsteps that died away into the enfolding gloom.

III.

SAN FRANCISCO - 1934

Mr. Samuel Terry, millionaire curio collector, sat at his breakfast table, having almost finished his repast. Before him rested the morning paper. The sheets were turned so that he could easily read the advertisements without constantly leafing the pages.

Terry was growing old; his hair was grey, not only from age, but from years of needless responsibility. In his declining age he had turned from the continual worry of amassing a fortune to the humble hobby of collecting curios from all parts of the world.

Perusing the paper his eyes ran from one advertisement to the other, seeking some item of interest or some new shop he could visit to add more

curios to his now countless collection. He affixed his gaze to one in particular; it read:

BAROUN HASSEIN
Curios and Unique Articles
From Every Country in the World
1836 Grove Street, N. W.

Making a mental note of the item, he arose from the table and rang for his valet. The valet, after helping Terry don his coat, summoned the car and chauffeur.

The valet accompanied Terry to his limousine and, helping his employer into the car, received orders as to the time for lunch and what foods to prepare.

The chauffeur of the expensive car was commanded to carry its occupant to 1836 Grove Street, N. W.

Slowly from the suburbs to the much poorer business section, the automobile sought its way.

As Terry's car stopped before Hassein's Curio Shop, he already had made a visual inventory of the neighborhood. It was that of slums, dives, beer parlors and criminals' hide-outs. Terry knew such places by experience.

He got out as soon as the chauffeur opened the door for him, then walked into the shop with the air of one who was afraid of becoming contaminated if touched by any article in the store.

On the floor, on the counters, suspended in the air by strings, peeping from shelves along the walls, throughout the whole space of the store there were goods from Spain, China, France, England—truly from every country in the world.

He would certainly enjoy this visit, as it was a veritable mecca for any curio collector.

Yes, splendid—but the proprietor, yes, where was the proprietor? Ah there he was, warming himself in front of the hearth—yes—he was facing the fire.

Terry spoke.

"I say there, may I look over your stock?"

From the figure in front of the fire came a deep, husky reply.

"Yes, sir, you may observe at leisure. I am at your service. The prices and a short history of every article are on the bottom of each of them."

"Thank you, very much," replied Terry.

Picking up various articles at random, he came across none in particular that seemed to interest him very much.

As he was just about to leave, he turned directly opposite to the di-

rection in which he had been standing. There was a small idol, whose face was contorted beyond description, gazing at Terry with ogling eyes. Between the protruding orbs, high up on the forehead, was a small, green, imitation glass emerald. Though it was only an imitation it shone brilliantly. At the base was carved in small letters, "Naida of Jaipur."

Terry's complexion changed quickly from a feverish red to a leaden color as the blood drained from his face.

Terry turned again toward the old proprietor who was standing in the same position as when Terry had entered.

Addressing the other old man Terry said, "I'll take this small idol with the inscription—let's see, I believe it reads 'Naida of Jaipur.'"

"That is a remarkable resemblance of its model, they tell me," the old man said.

"The stone in the original must be a handsome gem," ventured Terry—then he added slowly as if thinking suddenly became rather difficult, "Beautiful—just like a gargantuan cat's eye."

The old man in front of the fireplace whirled around, then stopped short as if afraid of some unseen object.

Terry raised his eyes from the small idol and glanced at the man now facing him. There stood before him an ancient, grey-haired man, whose long beard fell to his waist.

"Unfortunate fellow," Terry said to himself. "Not only is the old codger bent double with age, but he's also blind; his eyelids have grown together from years of lost vision."

Hassein spoke again, this time more softly, more imploringly. "I have some curios that I'm sure you would be interested in—they're so rare I thought it best to keep them under lock and key. If you step this way, sire, I would be only too glad to show them to you."

Led by the old man Terry followed him into the back room in which there were many piles of boxes that had not as yet been unpacked. Hassein led Terry to one corner of the storeroom and there turned toward him.

Reaching out his hand toward Terry, Hassein said, "Excuse me, sire, you are standing in front of the drawer in which the curios are."

Hassein's left hand touched Terry's coat lapel and pushed him politely backwards, apparently out of the way of the drawer.

Simultaneously Hassein's right hand opened the drawer and extracted from it a jewel-studded dagger, obviously of oriental design.

Terry's eyes widened. "Why, that is an exceptionally beautiful thing. I should like to have it," he said enthusiastically.

"Would you?" asked Hassein slowly. But without waiting for an answer he added quickly, "Then take it!"

Removing his left hand from Terry's lapel with the speed of lightning, he jabbed the gorgeous dagger into the lapel where only a second before his hand had rested.

The blind Hassein with the agility of a tiger sprang back several steps and patiently waited for Terry's body to fall dully to the floor.

Terry fell forward on his face. The dagger, which possibly might not have killed him, was driven entirely through his body by the impact of his fall.

The old man leaned over the body and with the manual skill of a blind man withdrew from Terry's pocket a cigar case in which there were ten cigars. Taking them out, the old man balanced them for a moment in his hand, then smiled as he thrust them into the silk sash that encircled his waist.

Without any further delay than to slip on a light Indian top coat, the proprietor hurried to the rear door of his establishment, opened it, went out, closed it softly behind him and walked through Chinatown toward the San Francisco waterfront.

. . . . They say there is an unsolved case in San Francisco concerning the murder of a millionaire believed to have been killed by a blind curio importer.

IV.

INDIA - 1936

Far into the inland of India in a village known as Jaipur thousands of natives walk slowly every morning at sunrise to pay homage to the protective god of Jaipur, whom the natives call Naida.

Among them is an old man, who, with the rest of the mass, bows three times reverently, then resumes his seat before an antiquated hard-wood table, on whose surface there is, carved from solid blocks of wood, small likenesses of the huge idol within the temple. On the bottom of each idol there is inscribed the words "Naida of Jaipur." The idols are exceptionally well done, although the carver is blind.

Thousands of tourists annually come miles through the scorching heat to see the huge idol with its distorted face—and the emerald that is embedded in its forehead, which, having been stolen nearly a half century, mysteriously reappeared in the brow of the prodigious idol.

Kitch-Iti-Ki-Pi

By Edythe Martensen



AVE you ever had the urge to leave the well-traveled highway to follow some little byway? Have you ever been pleasantly surprised when you reached the end of the byway and found something that was very unusual and inspiring?

One early summer day in June, I was traveling from Sault Sainte Marie, to northern Wisconsin. I was going by way of the Lake Shore Drive from Manistique to Escanaba. About five miles out of Manistique, I saw a sign telling about Kitch-Iti-Ki-Pi. It sounded interesting, so I went down a little gravel road off the main highway, moved by an unconquerable urge to see something unusual.

The heavy foliage of the trees met over the road making a bower of leaves. After driving about three miles, I came to the end of the road. Here was one of the great wonders of the North, Kitch-Iti-Ki-Pi, the Indian word for the spirit of the Big Spring.

The spring is from thirty to seventy feet deep and from three to four hundred feet across. From the spring a stream winds in and out through this heavy forest like a green snake. This fast flowing stream feeds Indian Lake.

The sides of the spring slope toward the center and resemble a large bowl. There is a raft, which is attached to a cable, that goes across the spring and back. In the center of the raft is a glass-covered opening for observation purposes. There is a certain feeling of uncanniness that holds you spell-bound when you first see the spring. The water is icy cold. Certain sides of the great bowl are an emerald hue. There are various forms of plant life, lichens, moss, and here and there the remains of some monarch of the forest that has harkened to the spell of Kitch-Iti-Ki-Pi and laid itself down in its mystic depths. The bottom of the spring is of white sand, with many springs boiling up—like fountains; these springs empty one into another, constantly changing the appearance of the bottom. The moving sediment forms many interesting and weird objects.

The water is transparent and seems to magnify. If you drop a nickel into the water, it flip-flops and zigzags its way to the bottom. When it reaches the bottom, you have a feeling that you could reach down and pick it up. You can even read some of the lettering on the coin.

There is a legend connected with this spring that interested me very

much. An Indian brave courted an Indian maid, from a different tribe, in opposition to his own people. Finally his tribe became so critical of him that he and the maid decided that the only way they could be together was to leave this world and go to their "Happy Hunting Ground." One night they were discovered in their secret meeting place by the side of Kitch-Iti-Ki-Pi. They jumped to their feet and plunged into the spring. The Indian braves rushed to save their tribesman, but as they reached the bank, they saw the couple sucked down into the boiling quick sands of the whirlpool.

My curiosity was well satisfied for having left the well-beaten path of mankind to see the end of a small trail.

A Falling Star

By Thelma Starnes

As I sat gazing one dark night
Into the velvety sky,
I saw a star come rushing down
From its home up there on high.

I could not help but think about
How much like life it seemed,
How much like the lives of the human race,
And I marveled as I dreamed.

What wonders the mighty Hand can do,
To snatch it from its place
And send it crashing to the ground,
Not reckoning with space.

And I thought of what that mighty Hand
Can do to a human life,
By hurling it from the highest place
To the very depths of strife.

But also it can take a soul
With many a scar and dent,
And send it soaring to the heights
Like a star in the firmament.

Anticipation

The leaves are a-flutter,
Astir on the trees.
They are waiting the signal,
The call of the breeze.

They're dressed and all ready
In colors so gay.
They're O, so excited;
They're going away.

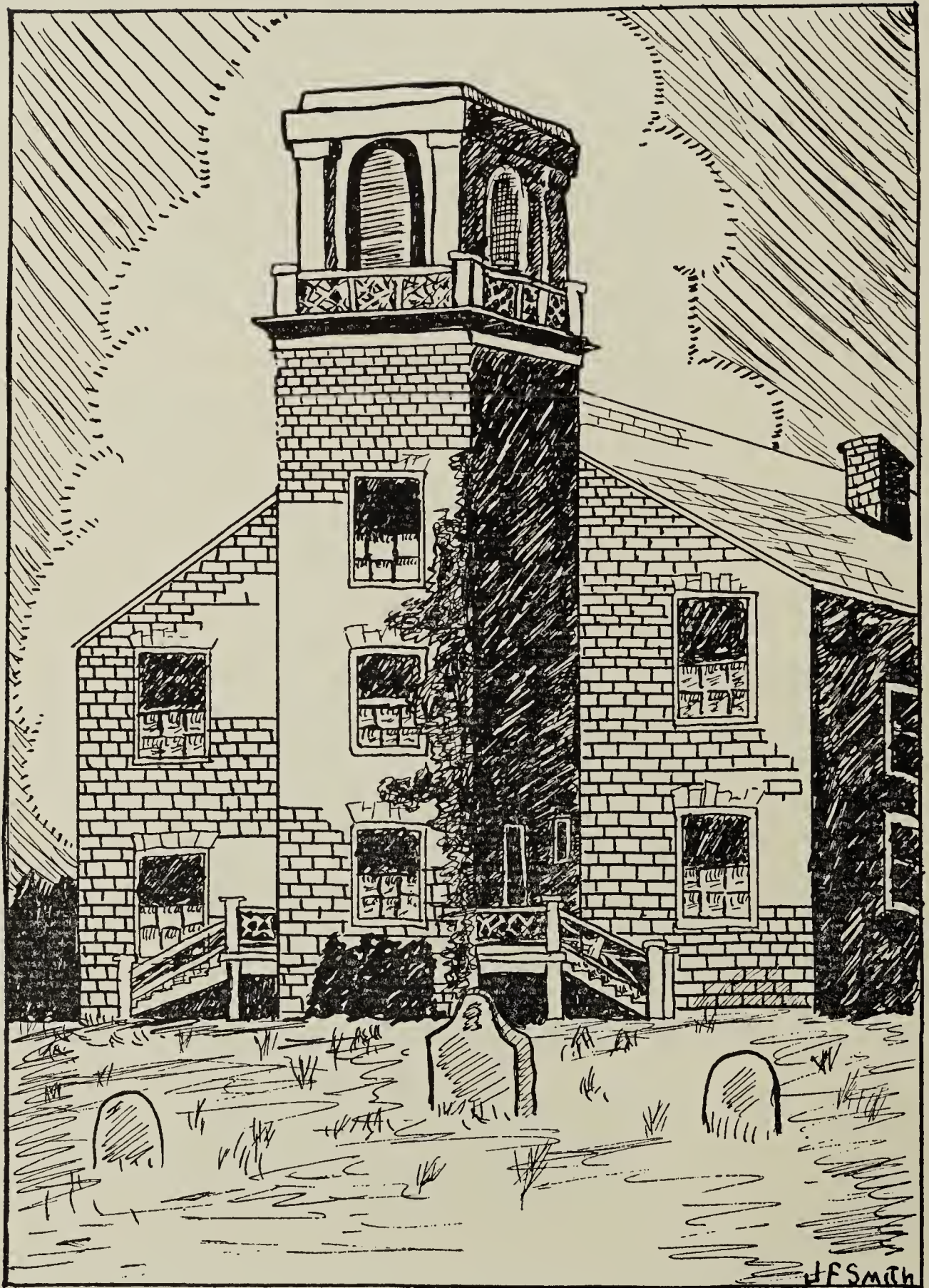
They all will be going,
Some early, some late.
They cling to each other
And whisper and wait.

Frivolity

The world looks different indeed;
'Tis suddenly so bright,
 And things that first were far from new
 Become most beautiful in hue,
Take on a different light.

The drabness from the earth is gone;
Really, it is strange
 That just a difference in the view
 Should color all the world anew
Producing such a change.

No doubt you think, I've gone quite daft;
'Tis best I should explain
 What gives the world this rosy glow,
 I'm looking through—and now you know—
Some crimson cellophane.



On to Alexandria

By Jacqueline Phillips



T LAST the day for the much anticipated trip to Alexandria had come, and leaving Petersburg promptly at six-thirty the Missile Staff arrived three hours later at the Chamber of Commerce. Securing a guide, we started off on a most inspiring tour of the home town of many of the earlier statesmen of the United States.

To a casual visitor driving through Alexandria, it appears to be just another city with plain, everyday stores and comfortable, substantial homes. A stream of traffic pours daily through Alexandria to sightsee in Washington, never realizing the historic interest of this seemingly commonplace city, whose sparkle is dimmed by the nearness of the nation's capital. When he who was later to become the first president of the United States was a youthful surveyor, the town of Alexandria was a social and business center. It was here that the flowering youth of the land, the Lees, the Fendalls, the Carlyles, the Washingtons, and many others of this period, would make frequent visits to the well-known Gadsby's Tavern.

Old Christ Church, built 1773, well preserved and sacred still to the memory of George Washington, Robert E. Lee, and other devout men of that time, was among the first places we visited.

Upon visiting the home of Edmund Jennings Lee, Robert E. Lee, the Lloyd House, the Fendall House, the Fairfax House, and numerous others, one is impressed with the grandeur of an eventful past: great men, grand ladies, many servants, and adventures of pioneers.

The Alexandria Academy stands just as it was in the days of George Washington, who founded it in 1785, and it was the first free school in Northern Virginia. Lee received his primary education in this building.

Having tramped over Oronoco Street and through North Washington and Wolfe Streets, we found many things remaining to be seen, but the waning enthusiasm of the party bespoke the need of rest and food. Stopping at the George Mason Hotel, modern in every detail, we had lunch with merriment, jokes, and much laughter. One hour's rest there, and the pilgrimage was resumed with renewed vigor.

The Old Presbyterian Meeting House was founded principally by

Scotch Presbyterians and was completed by John Carlyle in 1774. Although it is not used for worship at the present time, it was recently found to be one of the most interesting historical places in Alexandria when it was discovered that beneath the crumbling tombstones lay the remains of many prominent and distinguished citizens of Alexandria's early days.

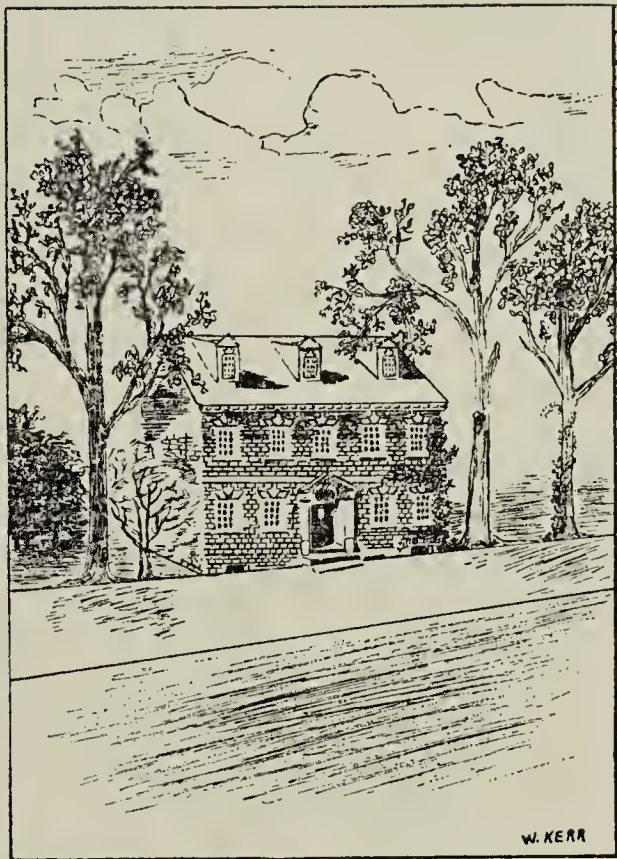
A historical survey of this city would be incomplete without visiting the Alexandria Masonic Lodge Building, "most Ancient and Honorable Society of Freemasons," whose first Worshipful Master was George Washington. This, however, is a reconstructed replica of the original building and contains a museum of priceless heirlooms, among which are many personal relics, formerly belonging to Washington. His masonic apron and sash, white wedding gloves, spurs, pearl handled knife, pocket compass and sundial, library chair, presented and used by him while Worshipful Master of this lodge, his bedchamber clock still pointing out the moment of his death, and many other things may be seen. There is also the little silver, ivory-handled trowel which Washington used in laying the Cornerstone of the National Capitol (1793), the Smithsonian Institute, and Washington National Monument. It has been used recently by Presidents Roosevelt and Coolidge. Many valuable paintings adorn the walls, among which are the portraits of Doctor Elisha Cullen Dick, Lawrence Washington, Doctor James Craik, Edmund Randolph, Lord Fairfax, the Marquis de Lafayette, and others. The most valuable of these is the portrait of President Washington, painted by William Williams a few months before Washington's death. The Metropolitan Art Museum has placed a standing order for the purchase of this famous painting.

There are many other things of interest concerning which time and space forbade mention here. Dismissing historical buildings with a casual glance or remark, we hurriedly passed on to the mecca of every Virginian, Mount Vernon, which, majestically overlooking the Potomac since 1674, still stands, a monument to Virginia's wealth and aristocracy. The grandeur and peaceful beauty of this estate beggars description.

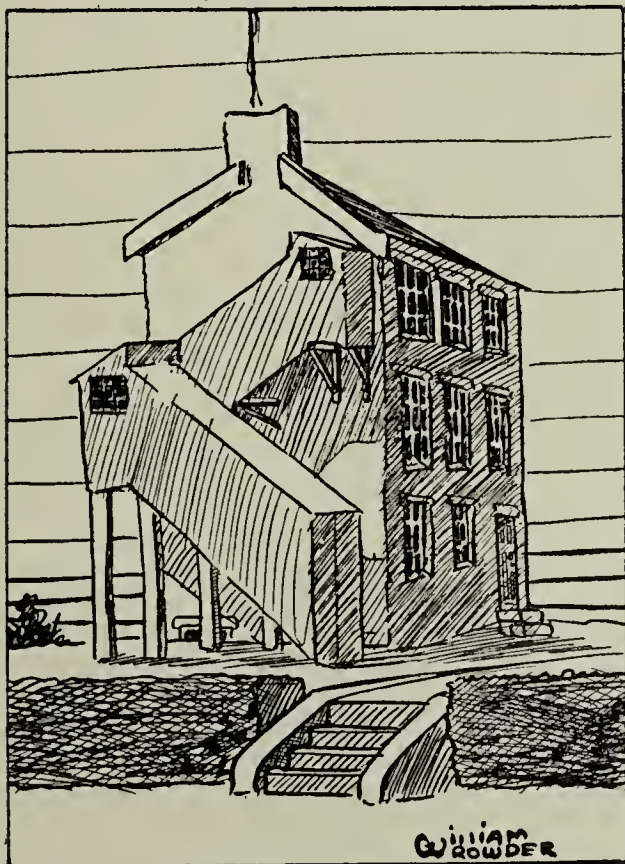
Tired, but happy, we wended our way homeward. Wiser? Well, we think so.



ROBERT E. LEE HOUSE



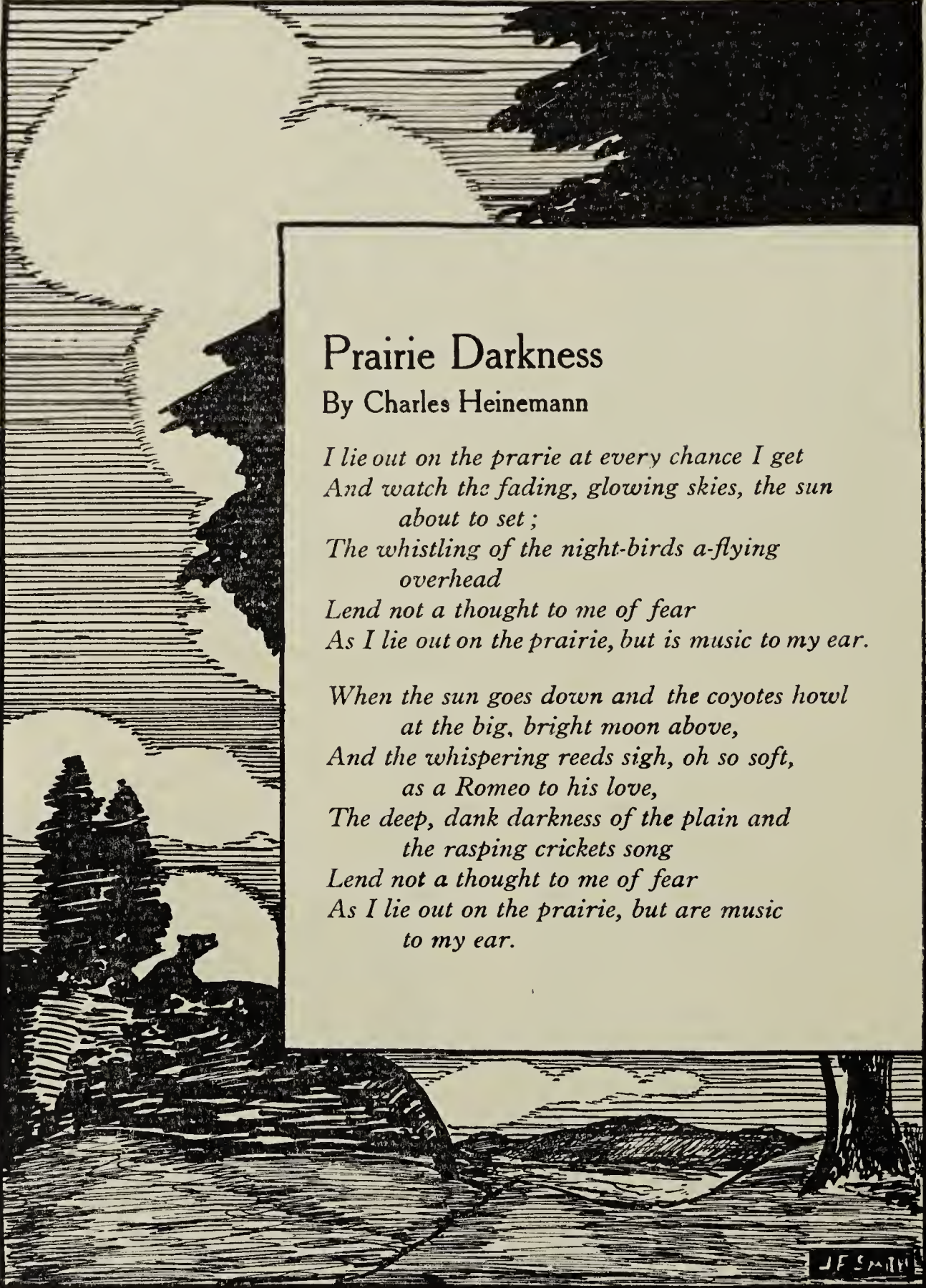
GADSBY'S TAVERN



ALEXANDRIA ACADEMY



THE WILLIAM BROWN HOUSE



Prairie Darkness

By Charles Heinemann

*I lie out on the prairie at every chance I get
And watch the fading, glowing skies, the sun
about to set ;
The whistling of the night-birds a-flying
overhead
Lend not a thought to me of fear
As I lie out on the prairie, but is music to my ear.*

*When the sun goes down and the coyotes howl
at the big, bright moon above,
And the whispering reeds sigh, oh so soft,
as a Romeo to his love,
The deep, dank darkness of the plain and
the rasping crickets song
Lend not a thought to me of fear
As I lie out on the prairie, but are music
to my ear.*

J.F. SMITH

Maranda's Story

By Nellie Burt Wright



T was on an April day back in 1864, and the magnolias were in full bloom. My great grandmother was then a little girl and her parents, Charlotte and Matthew Rogerson, had scarcely settled in a curious little old house in Alexandria, Virginia. They had been living in the country about twelve miles from town; but the war was at its worst and, with the roads almost impassable, the family had decided to move into town.

Their little daughter Maranda was ten years old. Her father was not in the army, for he was slowly dying of consumption, and his wife, a kind-hearted person with plenty of sense, took most of the responsibilities of the home. Maranda could remember all the incidents that happened in that spring, years ago, and it was she, my great grandmother, who told this exciting story.

"Our little white house in Alexandria was insignificant looking, but it had a large front door with H-hinges, top and bottom. I was beginning to beg my mother to let me play with the big shiny brass knocker on the door, but I was never allowed to play by myself except in the back garden.

"The house was built close to the pavement and there always seemed to be excitement in the street. Sometimes soldiers marched by.

"Patty, a half-grown darky who belonged to us and who came with us from the farm, often played with me under the magnolia tree in the dilapidated old formal garden in the rear of the house.

"One evening just after supper my mother heard the brass knocker in front and, feeling a bit uneasy, she held Patty back and cracked the door open herself, calling out, 'Who's there?'



"A soldier with a torn gray coat and no hat said faintly, 'For God's sake, take me in! I'm suffering with a severe wound and I'm starving.'

"Mother didn't hesitate a moment; all she needed to see was the gray coat, and her doors were open. She helped the pitiful looking soldier into the room and made him as comfortable as possible, but he had such a far off look in his eyes, she was almost afraid he was insane.

" 'Patty,' she said, 'Warm a plate of turnip salad and some corn pone and push the kettle to the front of the stove—and Patty,' she called out, after the colored girl had gone into the kitchen, 'bring a bit of the damson preserve that is in the safe.'

"While the supper was being prepared, mother dressed the ugly wound in the man's shoulder herself, and she gave him some medicine that she had given my father to ease pain.

"Mother asked no questions, but after the soldier had eaten his supper, he was put to bed in the new room mother had fixed for me, and I slept in the trundle bed in my mother's room.

"I remember very well how 'Pigtail Patty,' as I sometimes called her because she kept her kinky hair wrapped in cloth and standing straight out from her head, sneaked about the house next day, afraid of everything and hoping that the sick visitor would be up and away that morning. But it was noon before he opened his eyes and then mother went to him, and through the partially opened door I heard his strange story.

"He told how he had enlisted as the war condition became more serious, and how in a battle he had been hit on the head by a piece of shrapnel; a moment later, a bullet had gone through his shoulder. How long he had lain there on the damp ground, he didn't know, but when he became conscious, it was black night and he couldn't remember who he was, where he lived or what regiment he belonged to. He had begun to walk and kept going all night through the woods, over the creeks. When day dawned there wasn't a habitation of any kind in sight. There was no food, but he ate sassafras leaves, and after drinking from the creek he had washed the blood from his wound and tied it up with a soiled handkerchief. On he went until at noon he came into a country road and, 'God be praised,' he said, 'I met a colored man driving a wagon with a mule and carrying an old plow to a neighboring farm. I rode with him a few miles, and I gave him a piece of money. Then I began walking again, not knowing where I was going. Finally someone picked me up and dropped me right here at your door and all I know is, God bless you; the bread you've cast on the waters will come back to you.'

"That afternoon he wanted to go into the old garden. Mother told him he was too weak and faint to go out of doors, but he insisted on going

to the magnolia tree. Mother made Patty watch him, but she was frightened half to death.

“‘Fo’ Gawd, Miss Charlotte, Ah is scaired to death o’ dat soldier. He looks jes’ lak a hant!’

“‘Come Patty, don’t be silly; the man is very kind, but he’s half dead. Just watch him from the chicken house to see if he needs help.’

“Patty was sure he was crazy, for he would dig in the ground with his hands under the magnolia tree. After resting a bit he’d smooth the light soil.

“All evening the little black girl would steal into the house and stay there until mother made her return to the garden.

“Toward night the old soldier seemed worse and was unable to eat anything.

“My father worried about the conditions. We had little to live on, and what we had was in Confederate money, which was worth less now than ever. With food so high my mother scarcely knew how to plan for a bare living, and she knew that in a few months our small means would be used up.

“My father was in bed most of the time as he was having hemorrhages frequently. Charlotte Rogerson had a heart as big as a house and she had gone that afternoon to the butcher’s, taking me with her and bringing back a veal shin, which she made into broth for the sick man and a vegetable soup for the rest of the family.

“But when the soldier tried to sip the broth, he closed his eyes and said: ‘I only wish I could, lady—when I feel better I want to talk. . . .’

“Mother took his tray back to the kitchen to keep it warm, and she went in to see my father. While she was away, the man began to talk. Pigtail Patty ran out. ‘Ah ain’ gwine heah what he say. Ah done gone, Miss Maranda.’ I listened and he was trying, I thought, to tell mother how he enjoyed digging in the dirt under the magnolia tree. He began to breathe very heavily, and I ran for mother, but it was too late. He never roused again, and we never knew who he was.

“After the funeral my mother often asked me what the soldier tried to tell me, but I could never understand what he was telling.

“That fall my father died, and there was a sad winter ahead. Mother couldn’t find work and she was already worn out with nursing. She did some sewing at private homes, but she got little pay for her labor.

“During those times Pigtail Patty looked after me and we were never allowed to open the front door while mother was away.

"One week in December it turned very warm, like another Indian summer. A few of the rose bushes blossomed again, and we enjoyed playing out in the garden. I could frighten Patty to death by digging in the ground under the magnolia and looking peculiar and vacant-eyed. She would run into the house.

"One day, trying to mimic the soldier, I dug deep in the sandy soil, and I felt something hard down in the dirt. I kept working, and in a few minutes I brought out a very heavy Japanese box. I screamed to Patty and scarcely dared to open it. When we did push back the top, we found three individual compartments, each having a slide drawer. In one side was a gold locket filled with fine light hair, and it was beautiful. In another compartments was a tintype of a lady and gentleman, young people in their twenties. Under this picture wrapped with paper was a tiny printed picture of the same lady taken several years later, and on the back written in ink was 'Virginia.'

"When we drew back the third drawer, to our amazement we found so much gold that in our excitement we couldn't count it all. We couldn't see mother until supper time, for she was out sewing, but when she did come home, she found two little girls nearly wild with excitement.

"Mother nearly collapsed at the sight of so much money and told us almost at once that we had nearly a thousand dollars in gold. No one needed to interpret the soldier's words now. Even 'Pigtail Patty' burst out, with eyes as big as saucers, 'Lawdy, dat air soldier was a sho-nuf Christian, an' Ah reckon he's walking de golden streets dis minute!' "



Moonlight on a River

By Nowland Pittman

Moonlight on a river
Is like a pathway of molten silver,
Along which the gods meander in the deep night.
Their lovers' whispers are the West Wind,
And their tears at parting are raindrops
Which obliterates the path leading to Olympus.

Old French Poem Forms

On the Eve of Graduation

(Ballade)

By Evelyn Reade

Mazes of thoughts encompass me,
Because that day is drawing near
When soon from school I shall be free
To seek my fate and course to steer.
By study I shall quell my fear
And thus escape the harsh tirade
So as to graduate this year,
So please be lenient with my grade.

Now readily we all agree
Exams are awful foes who leer,
Which pouncing cause the facts to flee,
And all one's thoughts to disappear;
And then the facts we thought so clear
Are gone, and all our memories fade;
You've witnessed all these happenings queer,
So please be lenient with my grade.

When you my humble paper see,
Don't keep that verdict long delayed.
Please haste and listen to my plea
To make that moment happy or drear;
And will I graduate from here,
And will grim failure I evade?
This one desire is quite sincere,
So please be lenient with my grade.

ENVOY

O Teacher, I implore you, hear!
You've known suspense, you've been afraid;
Remember not to be severe,
So please be lenient with my grade.

Her Memory Book

(Rondel)

By Kenneth Tipton

My mother's memory book I like to see
For there I glance into her girlhood days.
There're pictures when the dresses hit the knees
And she was posing many different ways.

It seems that all-night dancing was the craze
And at the ball the young and old would be.
My mother's memory book I like to see
For there I glance into her girlhood days.

You see my "mom" says she does not agree
With things that all we moderns love and praise;
So when she forgets that she was young, O gee,
I love to bring her book and let her gaze.
My mother's memory book I like to see
For there I glance into her girlhood days.

The Ranger

(Villanelle)

By Frances Ellis

O ranger, riding 'neath friendly skies.
O'er grass-grown plain and sloping hill,
I see contentment in your eyes.

You list to the wind's faint lullabies
In harmony with a bird's soft trill—
O ranger, riding 'neath friendly skies,

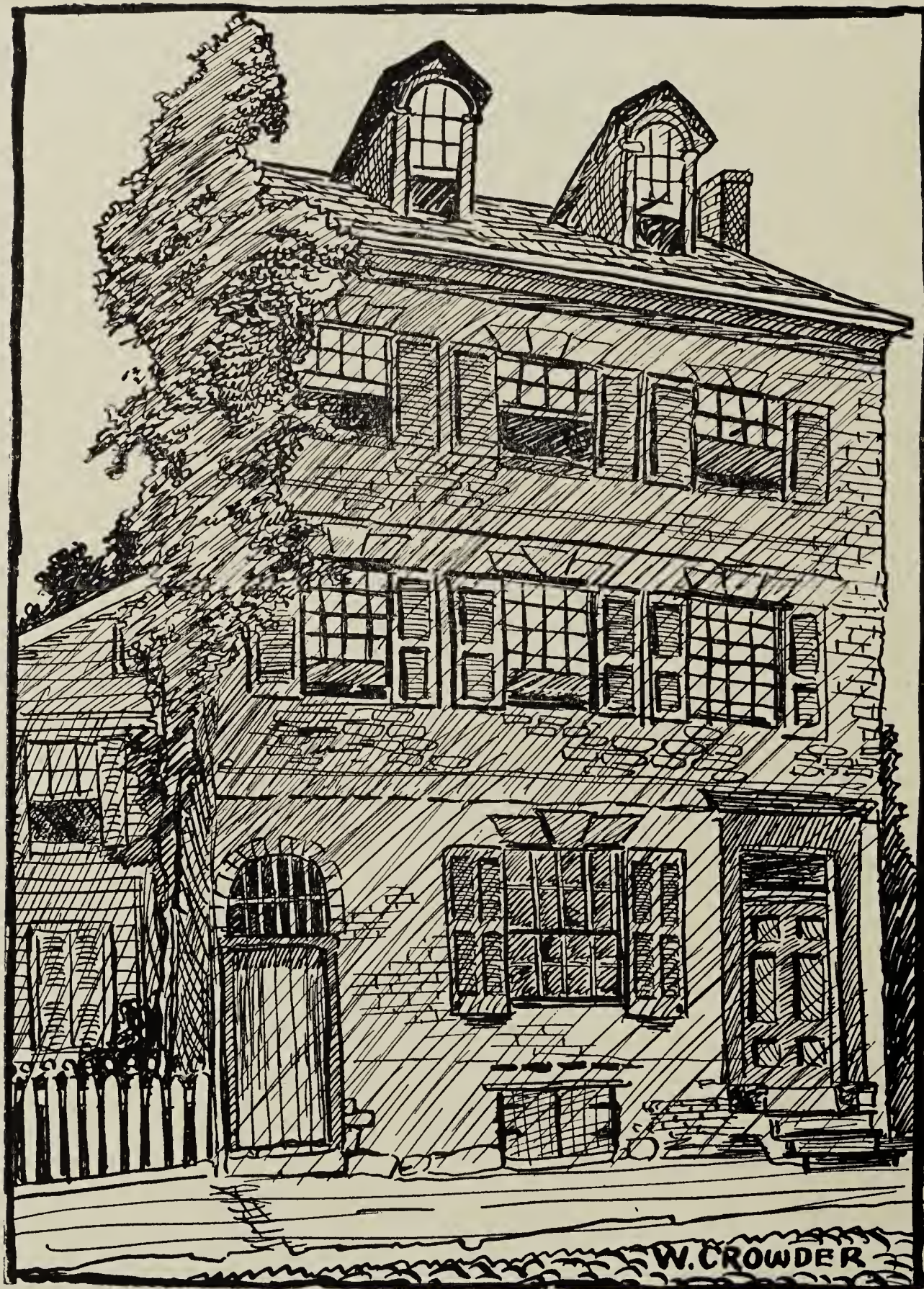
When you gaze aloft at the moon's slow rise
And the earth parts from light against its will,
I see contentment in your eyes.

You hear the coyote's chilling cries
As it stalks its prey intent to kill—
O ranger, riding 'neath friendly skies.

Tho weary and tired and time swiftly flies
As you stand by the fire in the fast growing chill,
I see contentment in your eyes.

When the stars hang low and the campfire dies,
And the silence around you is deep and still,
O ranger, riding 'neath friendly skies,
I see contentment in your eyes.





Colonial Homes of Alexandria

By Marjorie Holt



HOUSES, homes, streets, and buildings—all these words filled our minds when we joyfully began our tour of the famous city of Alexandria, so closely related to George Washington with its history so much a part of that of the Colonies and our Republic that even our first glimpse is sufficient proof to us that close associations with things of importance are bound to leave a deep impression on everything within reach. As we have said, they were only words then; but now they are not words. They are living, moving, thinking beings if houses can in any way be alive. These houses show not only the influence of the Colonies but also the influence and control of the British Empire; and although they reflect somewhat the changes in times, nevertheless the Colonial and British mark is so strong that it will never be erased unless all Alexandria is reduced to ashes.

There are over three hundred Colonial homes here, and—think of it!—most of them are the original buildings.

I am afraid and very suspicious that we have somewhat strayed from our original path of thought—the Colonial homes of Alexandria; so with one swoop, so to speak, we will take you to our first description:

THE LLOYD HOUSE - 1773

On the corner of Washington and Queen Streets stands this monument to Colonial architecture with its numerous windows, quaint chimneys, spotless-white door, and mud removers. We slyly peeped into this house which we were forbidden to enter, and were so pleased and interested in its hallway and carved ceiling that we are afraid we failed to hear a great many educational hints given by our guide. However, we learned that it was upon the steps of this house, the home of his cousins, that our never-to-be-forgotten Robert E. Lee received the message that he had been selected the commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces.

EDMUND JENNINGS LEE HOUSE - 1799

Just a block away from the Lloyds lived Mr. Edmund Jennings Lee in a house so similar to his neighbor's that it is difficult to tell them apart. Much of his legal knowledge Mr. Lee devoted to his church and town, and his services to Christ Church were of an unusual and interesting nature. If you will allow us, we will tell you something of his services. In 1774

the church was ruled by English law and owned a glebe. A glebe, if we understand it right, is a portion of land belonging to the church which was used to support the preacher and his family. A little later the glebe lands were confiscated by an act of the Virginia State Legislature and were to be divided among the poor of the parish. This measure was resisted by the vestry in 1802, and it was taken to court. Mr. Lee argued the case for the church, and, due to his legal ability and perseverance, the law was declared unconstitutional, and the lands reverted to the church. These lands were later sold and their proceeds used for the erection of a steeple, a wall around the church yard, and for the purchase of a bell and a rectory.

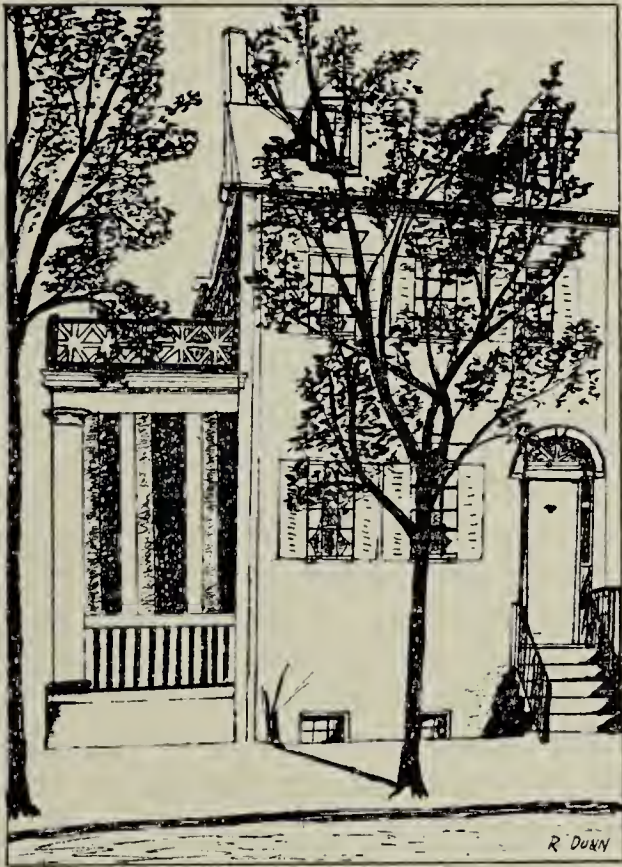
THE FENDALL HOUSE

It seemed strange to us that this magnificently constructed house, a frame structure, is built over brick; but so it is, for our guide said so and we know he wouldn't dare tell a falsehood. It was in this building, on the night of Washington's death, that a large group of citizens met to make arrangements for the part which Alexandria was to take in the funeral services of their beloved fellow-citizen, and these citizens of Alexandria were the only official mourners. The owner of this house today has the original deeds, and the guide told us that there is in this house the most beautiful and best constructed staircase he had ever laid his eyes on. Oh, how curious we were just for one little peep; but no, it was forbidden by the fates.

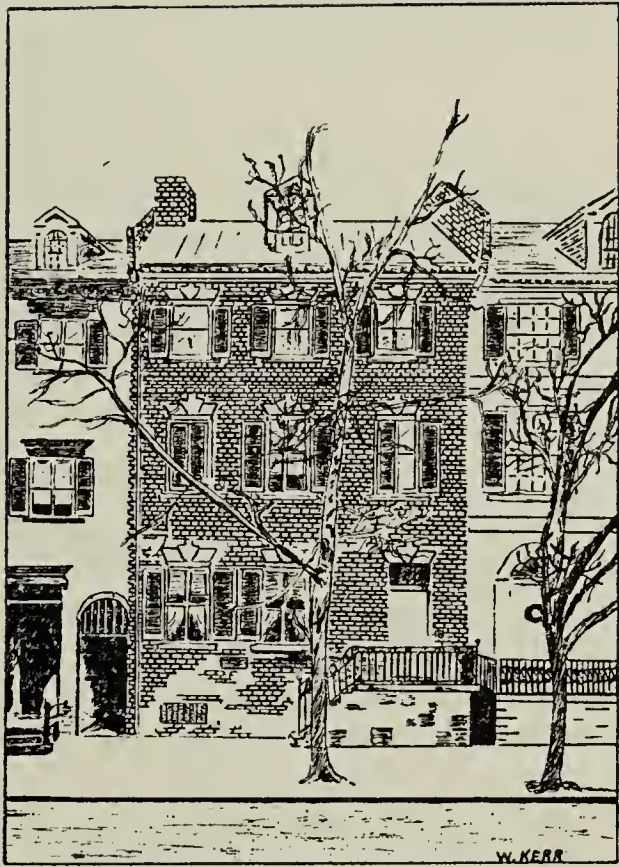
ROBERT E. LEE HOUSE AND HALLOWELL SCHOOL

So closely linked are the inmates of these houses and their affairs that it is only fitting to join them as one. "That large brick building," said our guide, "was the boyhood home of Robert E. Lee and the place where he lived while preparing for West Point."

Next to "that large brick building" stands the Hallowell School. It seemed strange to us that then, as now, schools had that air of drowsiness from the outside when there are within the most active minds in the world. The sun threw grotesque figures on the bricks, and the queer knocker seemed to challenge one with a loud and cheery, "Come in"; yet all was silence within. This was the impression we were given when we stood there in front of it, but that was not the impression it gave strangers then. It was a famous school, and to its portals came the sons of distinguished families not to gaze at the outside, but to go within and be duly instructed in all branches of cultural education. Here came Robert E. Lee, the thirteenth student to enter Benjamin Hallowell's School. Thirteen must not have been unlucky then because with the preparation given him



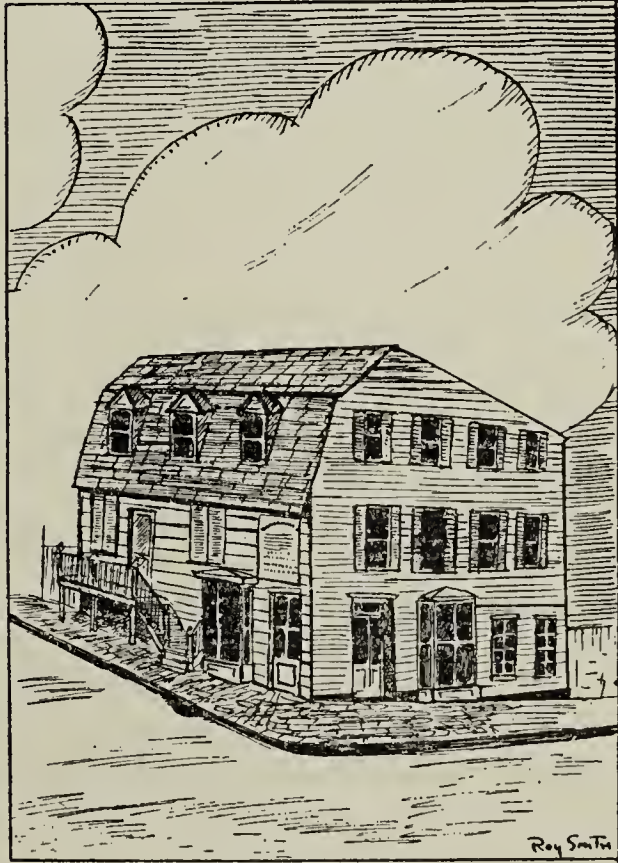
HOUSE OF "LIGHT HORSE HARRY" LEE



HOME OF DR. ELISHA CULLEN DICK



THE HALLOWELL SCHOOL



THE RAMSAY HOUSE

by Hallowell, who, being a Quaker, would not instruct him in the arts of war-making but taught him arithmetic, he was graduated second in his class at the United States Military Academy at West Point.

GENERAL HENRY LEE HOUSE

To this venerable brick house with its broad side porch—by the way, we have noticed that a great many of these Colonial homes have side porches—came “Light Horse Harry” Lee, as we more familiarly call him, to educate his children. While General Lee was serving as a Member of Congress in Philadelphia in 1799, he prepared and delivered his famous eulogy on Washington, in which he used these now famous words, “First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

THE LORD FAIRFAX HOUSE - 1816

We can see or hear nothing of this house but its front entrance, for it is beyond description. We are told that Federal architects were hired to build it and surely this door will stand out as an everlasting memorial to American architecture. It is marvelously hand-carved so that every detail stands out plainly. Only when you look at it yourself will its infinite beauty impress you, for no one can describe it with justice. The circular staircase and the small porch are also monuments to a time gone-by, and, unlike any house we have seen in Alexandria, there is a small balcony from a window on the third floor. Here we can imagine Lord Thomas Fairfax sniffing the air on a cool spring morning, for he was a country gentleman. On the side of the house there is a beautiful wrought-iron gate leading into the garden. To Lord Fairfax was given the keenness of perception to discover first the spark of greatness in his young protege, George Washington.

THE CARLYLE HOUSE - 1752

This famous hostelry with its main floor high above the ground is said to be the place where the revolution was born, for ten years before the Stamp Act and within its walls first came the demand for taxation of the Colonies, which when carried out, “resulted in its resistance, the independence of the Colonies, and the formation of the United States.” It is a stately mansion to look upon, so different from the other houses of its time because it has a large front yard filled with shrubbery, flowers, and trees, a porch covering the whole of one side and on both the first and second floor, and a stone wall from the outer end of the porch with a door in the center of it. It greatly resembles a fort, and indeed it is said that it was built on the foundations of an old stone fort. This fort protected this section of the country from Indians. This accounts for the presence

of dark and gloomy dungeon cells under a part of the old house. Certainly the man who built this mansion, now hidden from the street by the Wager Apartments, deserves some mention, so we will say it was built by John Carlyle, one of the outstanding personalities of Colonial days.

THE RAMSAY HOUSE

Now we come to the most fascinating yet, for it is the oldest house in Alexandria. It has a sign above the door in black and white—Ye Olde Ramsay House. Col. William Ramsay, who built this house, was an influential Scotch merchant, which explains why there are small, fascinating exhibition windows on the sides facing the street. He was also the first postmaster and one of the first trustees. He was the first to address Washington as Mr. President. He seems to have been first in everything. Washington was a frequent visitor at Col. Ramsay's home and was entertained along with many other distinguished guests who gathered here to enjoy the far-famed hospitality. This hospitality is kept up today, and now as then you can hear the heated conversation as to who's doing well and who isn't.

DR. DICK HOUSE AND THE CRAIK HOUSE

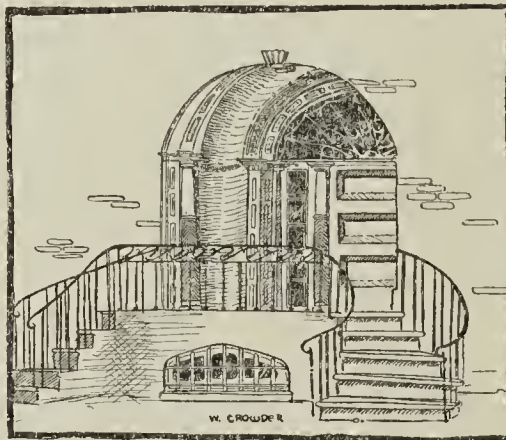
We have combined these two because both were doctors, both attended Washington in his last illness, and both lived in a three and one-half story house with the door on the right hand side and no porch. Dr. Elisha Cullen Dick was called by Dr. Craik as consulting physician in Washington's last illness, and, according to an old custom, stopped the hands of Washington's bedroom clock at the moment of his death, which was 10:20 P. M. Washington referred to Dr. Craik as "my old and intimate friend, Dr. Craik."

We know this is beginning to get boring, but we have something here that may interest you. It is an invitation from Dr. Dick, and reads as follows:

"If you can eat a good fat duck [which reminds me of J. Wellington Whimpy], come up with us and take pot luck. Of white-backs we have got a pair, so plump, so round, so fat, so fair, an London Alderman would fight, through pies and tarts, to get one bite. Moreover, we have beef or pork, that you may use your knife and fork. Come up precisely at two o'clock, the door shall open at your knock. The day tho wet, the streets tho muddy, to keep out the cold we'll have some toddy. And if perchance you should get sick, you'll have at hand, yours, E. C. Dick."

There were several other homes that interested us, especially the Holland House. We wandered away from our guide to make a little pri-

vate investigation of our own and look inquisitively through a white hand-carved and magnificently designed gate of wood. Within we saw an arched colonade, very much like those at Mount Vernon. There were the last roses of summer twining around these colonades, making a very pretty picture indeed. Here fine ladies must have chatted over their teacups in the evenings under the shadow of the spire of the church. There were also a garden and a large brick terrace with an iron turtle on the outside. We wondered if he could be an antique. In front of the gate stood the statue of a small negro boy holding a ring which undoubtedly was used to tie horses to.

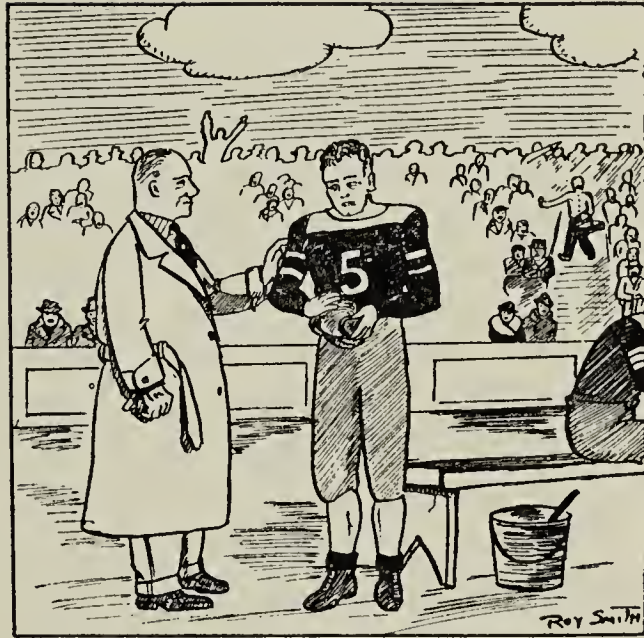


The Winner

By ^{Mr}Dennis Cogle



STEVE WILSON sat on the bench, his shoulders hunched over and his eyes intent on the game. This football game was an important one in Steve's life. If he won, it meant the fulfilment of his ambitions, to turn out a football team of championship proportions. Now it seemed he had that team. The machine of eleven men acting as one out on that field had swept everything before it this year, Wilson's first coaching attempt. Steve Wilson had been a hard coach, too hard, on his players. It was because of this hardness that his star tackle was benched now with an injured ankle. Wilson had kept him in a game too long after his ankle was hurt, so that he might win the game. Suddenly now, he gave a groan of dismay. One of his men was down, and Wilson saw that it was the substitute tackle. His teammates brought him off the field and stretched him on a blanket.



Presently the doctor said, "Wilson, this man can't play any more today. He's pretty well done up."

Steve felt a touch on his arm, and looking around, he saw Conroy, the injured regular lineman.

"Let me go in, Coach," Conroy pleaded. "I can stop 'em."

Wilson looked at his ankle and asked, "Can you stand on that ankle?"

"Yes."

"Well, go in there, then, and stop 'em now if you ever did!"

Conroy limped on the field and took his position. His presence seemed to strengthen the others, for they thwarted play after play with a stonewall defense and drove over an extra touchdown, though they didn't

need it. About a half minute before the game ended, Conroy remained stretched on the ground after a pile-up, and he was hurried off the field to the hospital.

All were rejoicing in the club-house after the game. This victory had given them the district championship. But Steve Wilson was not there to share it with them. He had hurried to the hospital as soon as the game was over. He was ushered into Conroy's room by a white-coated attendant. He saw the boy lying on the bed, a very still figure, but the eyes in the now pale face fluttered open.

"Hi, Coach. Did we win?"

Wilson swallowed hard and said, "Yes, Jack, we won. But how are you? You seem to have caught a coupla dozen cleats in your face, among other things."

"The doc says I'll be all right in a few weeks, but I don't know. This ankle sure hurts," Jack replied with a brave grin.

"Well, I'll have to be going. I'll see you again. Goodbye," said Steve. "Good-bye."

Wilson met the doctor in the hall and stopped him.

"How is that kid, doc?" he asked.

The doctor turned and said, "Wilson, I'll tell you this straight. You've just about ruined that boy's future. He'll never play football or anything else again. This afternoon when you sent him into that game, his ankle was hurt and taped up. You knew this, and still you let him go in. The kid loves the game, and he loves his school, and he was fighting for his school. But you were just fighting for your own personal glory. You wanted headlines, 'Wilson Triumphs,' and the like. That would sound swell. Well, see how this sounds. Conroy has three injuries on that same leg now, two above the knee, and his ankle is practically splintered. If the public knew that, they wouldn't support any team of yours. Now, Mr. Wilson, I'll have to ask you to leave. I'll keep you informed as to the boy's condition. Good-day."

Steve Wilson had not said a word during this time, and at the last words he walked slowly from the hospital as if he were in a daze. He finally reached his room and, sitting in an arm chair, buried his face in his hands. He thought of Conroy, his football career ruined by his (Wilson's) selfish ambitions to succeed at any cost. Suddenly his mind reverted to his own gridiron days when he was a star on his team. He remembered his own coach, "Pop" Foster. "Pop" had always told him to play the game fairly and squarely, and now he had violated one of the first rules, lack of feeling for those in his charge. Every argument he tried to build up with

which to defend himself was torn to pieces by facts he knew to be true. Finally Steve Wilson went to bed to have troubled dreams all through the night.

A few days later he got a letter from "Pop" Foster complimenting him on his successful season. In the last paragraph "Pop" had written: "But you seem to have forgotten what I used to tell you, Steve boy, about playing it squarely. That boy was worth more than any football game you will ever see played."

About a month later, Conroy was walking on crutches, and one of his constant companions was Steve Wilson. These two had started a peculiar friendship during this time, peculiar because of the circumstances surrounding it.

One day Jack told Steve about a cousin of his, Fred Rayba, who was entering the school the following fall.

"And he is really good, Steve. He's a kinda slim fellow, but he can kick the cover off the ball and knife through guard like nobody's business. With him and the fellows left over from this season, you'll have another winning team. You wait and see."

Steve waited, and he saw. Rayba came out for the squad that fall. At this college, freshmen were allowed to play on the varsity teams. The youngster was tall and lanky, with a thatch of "cotton" hair on his head and a grin on his face, and he soon brought a smile to Wilson's face too. He took the ball in his hands and with a long, clean swing of his leg sent the ball soaring in a long spiraling flight.

"Whew! Look at freshie, will you," came from the rest of the squad.

And so, Fred Rayba stuck, for he proved equally as good at running as at kicking. Then in a game near the end of this successful season he was knocked out temporarily, and he seemed so groggy that Wilson kept him on the bench the rest of the game. The next day the team physician drew Steve aside.

"Wilson," he said, "Rayba's been hurt in the head. If he gets another crack on the head soon, he is likely to go crazy. Next year he can play but not now. Don't tell him this, above all things. Just let him practice with the team, but make excuses at game time."

"Yes, sir," Wilson said glumly. Here were his championship hopes practically broken up. But his team came through in fine style, executing seemingly impossible plays, and drove on to the championship. Then Wilson received a challenge from the team coached by "Pop" Foster to play a game to decide the state championship. Wilson accepted and started drilling his team for it. Yet he knew that the team needed a kicker, but

it would have to go lacking. Yet he hoped for a win. If he could beat "Pop" Foster's team, his reputation as coach would be "made."

At last the big day came. A colorful crowd filled the stands to overflowing, and everyone was in a fever of excitement. Jack Conroy was sitting on the sidelines with Steve Wilson. Presently the teams came on the field, and the stadium fairly rocked with the cheers of the crowd.

Then the kickoff! The home team, coached by Wilson, kicked to "Pop" Foster's charges, who came rushing down the field like a well-oiled machine with the forward wall cutting down the defense, but the runner was finally tackled.

The game see-sawed back and forth until the half, and the score was tied 0-0. In the club-house, the coaches of the respective teams gave criticisms, praising and admonishing.

Then the game was on again, with the Wilsonites constantly backed up against their own goal. They did not have a capable kicker who could kick them out of danger. Fred Rayba, on the bench, pleaded with Steve to send him in, but heeding the doctor's warning, Wilson silenced him time after time, never telling the boy the real reason why he could not send him into the game.

Finally, the opposition pushed over two touchdowns, and the whistle ended the game with the score 12-0 against Wilson. He had a dazed look in his eyes, as if he couldn't realize that his team had been beaten. Then he felt a strong hand grasp his own. Looking up, he saw "Pop" looking at him with an understanding look in his eyes.

He said, "I know how much you wanted that game, son, and I know why you didn't win it. The doc told me some things. Don't take it so hard. You've only lost a football game, and, at the same time, you have learned a lesson far more valuable than a victory would have been. That Rayba kid will thank you some day for keeping him out of that game."

The two coaches, one young, the other gray-headed, both happy, walked off the field together with a new understanding between them.

Miracles

By Lelia Strickland

Spring Song

I know that spring is here,
For though the wind is blowing
The sky above is clear
And all the brooks are flowing
From which now drinks the deer.
Now Robin above is singing
For all the world to hear
That he alone is bringing
The news that spring is here.

Sunset

Oft have I climbed the crest of a lovely hill
And viewed the last red rays of the setting sun
And fleecy clouds in glowing colors spun
In such a way that surplus pigments spill
From heaven to bathe in liquid gold each rill
And rock, and as the pastel shades are done
There form more sombre hues, for night's begun,
And glittering stars the darkened heavens fill.

Thus wondering, man has seen for ages past
A daily show of Nature's lavishness
That stirs the mind and soul with deepest awe,
Defies the pen, leaves facile speech aghast,
And makes him feel a childish thankfulness
For this inspiring show of natural law.

Little Stars

How often I look above and see the shining stars
And wish that I could only touch a thing so bright,
And then remember that early in the day,
When morning sun just peeps above the purple hills,
There are millions of little stars within my reach,
For every leaf and blade of grass is sprinkled with
drops of dew.



Old Christ Church

By Patricia Lindsay

“ HERE are we going now?”

“To Christ Church.”

“How far is it?”

“Just around the corner.”

I looked ahead with interest, but all I could see was busy Washington Boulevard with streamlined cars streaking towards the nation's capital on the last word in modern highways. Across the street was a small white building, wedged between two brick colonial homes. A gaudy sign in white enamel with green letters informed those interested that here was “Ye Ole Colonial Tea-Room.” Through the window could be seen white enamel tables supported by chromium legs and white leather modernistic chairs with chromium arms. Pretty waitresses in immaculate white and green uniforms offered further inducement. The tall, stately homes on either side frowned down very disapprovingly. I agreed with them.

Then we turned the corner. A sigh of inexplicable relief escaped from my lips. At least Christ Church had not been modernized! It stands in a park a block square with very old oaks forming its background and blackened gravestones reminding one that the grass is not a square of soft green velvet laid down to deceive visitors. Inside the park, the very atmosphere of the sacred spot seems to shut out all sounds from the outer world. Everyone was talking in whispers. It just affects one that way. I caught snatches from the guide's conversation, “Protestant-Episcopal church. . . . started building it in 1763 and completed the work in 1773 . . . Washington worshipped here . . . he paid 36 pounds, 10 shillings for his pew, which was the highest price paid by anyone in the congregation. . . . the Mount Vernon Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution presented the tablet at the door on which is inscribed the names of Washington's pallbearers. . . . services are still held here.”

As the group moved on, we crossed the threshold of the church, richest in historical background of any church in the United States. What was my first impression of Christ Church? Simply this—a symphony in dark red, white, and mahogany! The predominating color is white. The cushions on the seats are dark wine; the railings on the pews and around the sanctuary are dark red mahogany. The vestry robes are deep wine velvet. The absence of a cross on the lectern caused some comment until

our guide explained that in the early days the churches sought to wipe away all things Catholic in their places of worship. The excessive use of the cross in Catholic churches and services made the colonists all the more radical in their censorship of that symbol.

Each pew has a little door on it. In colonial days, there was no heat in the church, so the slaves heated bricks, wrapped them in flannel, and placed these crude warmers on the floor in the pews. The little doors were to keep the warmth in.

The others drifted out to look at the park. I was left alone with a thousand shadowy ghosts whose presence I felt even in broad daylight. What drama must have been enacted here! Imagination sees George Washington as he was just before his death in December, 1799, his white head bowed in reverence. Beside him is Martha with all attentive eyes on young John Parke Curtis and Martha Parke Curtis, Washington's adopted children. The prayer is over, and the congregation rises for the last hymn. Martha taps discreetly on the floor to draw young Martha's attention away from the handsome youth across the aisle.

The colonial scene slips away, and, in its stead, I imagine Christ Church a century later. The air even in this sacred building is strangely tense. The people seem to be praying with unusual intentness. Two or three ladies are weeping silently. Robert E. Lee is there in his pew with his family. His usually smiling face is unnaturally grave and careworn; his gray, twinkling eyes reflect sleeplessness in their dullness. A small, tattered negro boy tiptoes up the aisle in his bare feet, his enormous eyes wide with fear and excitement. He stops at the Lees' pew, and, clutching his dirty cap in grimy paws, whispers to Robert E. Lee. The handsome soldier rises and with light but military tread walks down the aisle preceding the negro boy. He pauses at the door, almost as if in farewell. Two hours later the news spreads that Robert E. Lee is commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces.

"Come on, Pat, we are going on."

I roused myself and with decidedly hesitant steps went to the door. Turning, I groped for words to utter in tribute. I said, "One hundred and sixty-three years of service to the soul of our country. . . . such is Christ Church."

Moods

By Bess Windham

The Storm

The rain in heavy torrents falls
Like swirling floods on grassy blades,
And running through our darkened halls
I shout and all the thunder fades.
I loose the storms within my soul
And laugh while tempests 'round me roll.

The clouds have long washed overhead;
The gray men of the deep are flying;
The lifted sea seeks out its bed,
And all about the winds are crying.
Oh, I am drunk with swimming skies,
With endless strength and forests' sighs.

Oh, soon perhaps there will be blue;
The sun will shine on rain swept ground;
I will not stop. . . . my soul untrue
Is whirling with the clouds around.
Oh, I am chained when days are fair
And free when tempests tear the air.

Prelude to Fall

Today the wind is soft and kind,
The clouds are on their homeward wind,
And round and round like lazy bees
The leaves are falling from the trees.

Too soon there'll be a setting sun,
And before the harvest work is done
Ripe fruit from orchards falling down
Will leave bouquets along the ground.

Oh, summer is sublime they say,
But the summer sleeps and dreams away.
For me, I'll have the autumn turn
When there are crisping leaves to burn.

Tin Moon

The whirling winds that sweep the leas
Have caught the moon and left it thin
And weakly shining through the trees,
Like a beggar's little cup of tin.

A shining disc that is lost in night
With tiny coins falling near—
Rich alms for its delusive light,
And velvet for the coming year.

The Return

The funny papers yellowed 'neath the step,
The splintered porch that kneels in gallant age,
The falling pillars where the bees have kept
Honey hiding near the unkept sage—
I lift bewildered eyes; I cannot speak.
The mute moss-dampened cot, where heavy years
Have seemed to chant the sagging roof's defeat,
Now brings forgotten memories to my ears.



Even as Madame Defarge

By Evelyn Reade



ANYONE who has read "A Tale of Two Cities" is well aware of the identity of Madame Defarge and her sinister occupation of knitting the fates of scores of people into her work. Likewise, when I knit, my thoughts wander, and I believe they must be knitted and purled into whatever my objective may be. In this pastime one finds the needed relaxation while doing something really worthwhile. While Madame Defarge's ultimate aim in knitting was the ruination of the aristocracy, my one purpose is to enjoy myself, which I do immensely in indulging in this art.

No one but a knitter knows what bliss it is to finish a difficult pattern and know it is done well. Too, when it is not done as it should, you feel as an escaped convict must feel. I shall never forget the time I wore a sweater I had knitted with two mistakes in the back. I sneaked around school all day, expecting some kind soul to tell me of it and inform the world at large. After recess I gained confidence, but it was short-lived, for one of my lovely friends suddenly found the mistake and gleefully announced it to all within ten miles! My embarrassment was pitiful, but the revenge was worth it. One day she wore a lovely sweater of her own making. I gazed at it for some time and found a mistake! Ah, what joy! You may rest assured that the news got around.

We became so blood-thirsty as K. D. D.'s (knitting detectives of defectives) that we at last decided to practice our skill on other people. How we gloat together over dropped stitches and other mistakes!

In knitting I have certainly learned pertinaciousness, for when I first started knitting, I did the ribbing on a sweater eight times before it looked as it should. Too, I've dropped stitches to the very bottom of my work, and spent much time getting it up again. Incidentally, I have had to make a whole side of a sweater over to correct mistakes I didn't notice until I finished. These are times which try men's souls, as somebody or other said once.

I find a certain fascination in knitting. Once I start something, I want to finish it at one sitting.

While I write, it occurs to me that I have a certain blue sweater which I started last January. This might sound contradictory to the last statement, but I forgot to say that you should never buy yarn to make something else while knitting. The temptation to start on something

new is too great for a mere human. I am a victim, because I stopped working on the sweater to make a white skirt. That was my fate.

Maybe I should be spending my time now wisely instead of.
this is no insinuation that I don't adore writing essays.



The Giant Child

By Elsie Steger

The sun, a giant child, rises slowly,
As though an unseen hand, relentlessly tugging,
Seeks to draw the fading gray sheets of night
From the dream-flushed body.
Stirring, yawning, he stretches his warm, chubby
fingers, tentatively,
Across the vast dark mists
And slowly, languidly, raises his rosy,
dew-sprinkled face;
Startled, he beholds the many huge balls,
Turning, twisting and bending for his amusement.
He regards, puzzled, one ball,
Which seems to have been sliced,
And which recedes, ever farther from his
outstretched, seeking hands.
Yet he pursues it, from awakening,
Till at last, exhausted, he sinks into his bed;
Still puzzled, but too drowsy
He snuggles deeper from the damp chilly breeze.

Indecision

By Roy Smith



HENRY RANDOLPH sat disconsolately in the bedroom of his small home in Alexandria, reviewing in his mind his quarrel of a few minutes before with his life-long friend.

It had all happened so quickly, their learning of hostilities actually starting in the war, their quarrel, and Randolph's ultimately being ordered out of his best friend's house.

Henry Randolph sprang from one of the oldest families of Virginia and possessed all the traditionally Southern principles and viewpoints. Naturally, when the first outbreak of the Civil War occurred he took the side of the South.

Not so his best friend, Edmund Winthrop, who agreed with the North's ideas, and was very outspoken concerning his beliefs.

After two days of deliberation, Randolph decided to go to Edmund Winthrop and apologize for his part in the encounter. Anyway, it was silly for two life-long friends to fall out over such a subject.

On the way to Winthrop's house, he stopped at Leadbeater's Drug Store for a few minutes. He often went there to while away the time.

"Have you heard about your friend, Winthrop?" the druggist inquired, after they had been conversing for a few minutes. "Left town," he continued.

Randolph sat there for a full minute before being able to realize fully what the druggist had said. He looked frantically at the pharmacist, as though he were waiting for him to deny his recent statement.

Being a patriotic person, and believing sincerely that the South's cause was right, Henry Randolph immediately enlisted for active service in the Confederate Army.

By sheer perseverance and dogged determination, he became a major. He was lucky enough to be stationed in his own home town. The people



quickly came to regard Major Randolph as just about the most patriotic citizen and certainly the most fervent lover of his country in Alexandria.

Time passed on until one night when Randolph opened his door to see a muffled figure scurrying quickly out of his window. He hurriedly lit a lamp and saw that the entire room had been ransacked. He ran quickly to his desk, hastily pulled open a drawer. The papers,—they were gone!

He hurriedly assured himself that everything else was all right, and turned to go and report the loss. He bumped into a guard who was entering the room.

"A spy was captured running through the cemetery a minute ago, sir; he had some of your important plans with him, sir."

They hurried to the guard-house to see the prisoner.

Despite a small mustache and other attempts at disguise, Randolph recognized in the spy his old friend with whom he had quarreled more than three years before. No one else, however, appeared to recognize him, and the Major told no one. He had discarded the name Winthrop, too.

Captain Daly, an industrious Confederate officer, turned to Randolph. "Sentencing this fellow falls in your line, Major Randolph, but I don't suppose there is much doubt as to his future. The penalty for spies who are caught is always death."

"Yes," answered Randolph, "the penalty for spies who are caught is always death."

Several days passed. Henry Randolph tried carefully to analyze the facts. Edmund Winthrop had tried to steal valuable Confederate information. . . . he had been captured in the act of doing so. . . . he was a Federal plotting against the South, which the Major so dearly loved. He certainly deserved the death penalty.

But Edmund Winthrop was also his friend; he had been his best friend. He could easily enough fix it so his friend could escape—to continue plotting against the South, perhaps.

Duty urged him on, said to sign the order for execution. Love for his friend said, "No, let him escape."

But the very thought of being a traitor himself was more than repulsive to such a patriot.

After all, was this man really his friend? He had insulted him and ordered him out of his house the last time they had been together. It would be easy enough to let him be killed—it wasn't his fault if the fool wanted to risk his life. He must have known what the penalty would be if he were caught.

Before Henry Randolph, on the desk, lay the order for Edmund Winthrop's execution, awaiting only his signature. Which would it be? Duty—friendship?

Two Poems

By Evelyn Reade

From Nature's "Vogue"

The autumn fashion-show is on,
There're leaves of every hue;
Milady Oak is dressed in rust,
Her green is now taboo.

The Maple girls are modeling gold,
For it becomes their type;
They're rivals of the harvest pumpkins,
Which now are getting ripe.

The modest Firs are looking chic
Although they still wear green;
They like to have a brook near-by
Because they like to preen.

The modish Holly clan shows off,
The gayest of them all,
Red buttons on their winter coats
To wear to nature's ball.

Disillusion

My thoughts are wandering 'way from me
Although I try to keep them here;
They seem to fancy traveling
To places far and places near.

My castles-in-the-air take form;
I dream until I, with a sigh,
Return to earth; reality
Recalls my mind out of the sky.

How disillusioning is the act
Of coming back to earth again
From Laputian shores adrift in space!
How quickly do our day dreams wane!

As if a high wind's chasing them
Those fleecy clouds of day-dreams flee.
And then—that fateful call to earth!
The teacher wisely calls on me.



A Veil

By Lucille Ellis

*The rays of the moon
Seem to slope downward,
Like a silver veil
Of the newly wed.*

*The stars in the sky
Are twinkling with joy,
Like eyes of a bride
As she marches forward.*

W. CROWDER

The Power of The Wave

By Dennis Robertson



Time wears on, we experience new and more thrilling things in our lives. Every day something happens by chance or maybe planned beforehand that is a great thrill to us.

With these thrills or experiences that happen to us goes the one common exclamation used by everyone, "Gee, that is the best fun I have ever had." Some people, when saying this, mean it with all the sincerity in the world because it is true. Then others will say it just out of force of habit. They actually experienced something probably a few days before which caused more astonishment or excitement than the incident which had just happened.

This does show, though, that it is the one common phrase used by majority of the people, whether they are putting truth into it or not.

During my leisure hours this summer I would try my hand at that so hard-learned Hawaiian sport, surf-board riding.

To be out in the ocean about a quarter of a mile on a surf board and let a wave rise up and carry me in at the rate of forty miles per hour is about the biggest thrill I have ever known.

Yes, I know, I have just finished using that most used phrase of the common pee-pul, but there is truth in every word.

You see the wave coming as it works up into a huge, rolling swell, the most perfect for surf-riding. When it approaches within about fifty feet of you, you start paddling for all you're worth. The wave is felt to rise under the board, pushing you up on top. With a quick jerk and snap you're up on your feet balancing the board with the skill of a tight rope walker. The most difficult part is now over as the board smoothly glides along on the steadily rolling wave, with the cool sea breeze whipping past your face, with the sensation of moving along at so fast a rate of speed without anything propelling you but nature herself in the wet.

As I've described this sport, I'm afraid I have led you to believe that it is quite easy to learn. On the contrary, it is one sport that takes weeks and even months to master, depending, of course, on whether you are quick to catch the knack of it. If I remember correctly, it took me about two months before I was able to ride a wave in.

I always was told that I was hard of learning. But, after having conquered the surf-board, I'm quite sure I have accomplished something worth boasting about.

The Span of Man

By Edward Spiers

There was a pause in Eternity,
That was known as the Age of Man,
But to the eyes of God above
'Twas but a second's span.
A sun looked down upon an earth,
When God's handiwork was through,
And carefully observed the scenes
That passed within its view,
And those that really mattered
Were but a precious few.

It saw a raging flood sweep down
Creating strife and loss;
It saw a man trudge up a hill,
Bent over by a cross.
It saw a world prepare a war,
Between the false and true;
They were the Christ and the anti-Christ
On the Plains of Megiddo.

The sun then saw a sudden calm,
As the Christ approached their goal;
It saw a billion men fall dead,
Rolled up in an earthly scroll.
Then suddenly the second ceased;
For most had lived in vain;
Then all was as before the pause—
Eternity again.



The Author's Account of Herself

By Louise Thompson



YOU cannot please everyone. No matter how you may try, there will always be some one who is ready to find fault. If a rich man donates a fund to charity some one is always heard to say, "He is only doing that for show," or if a man tries to live an honest life, there are rumors that he lives like that only to cover up some "dirty" business. Thinking along these lines I recall an incident in my own life that taught me a lesson that I shall never forget.

I was born in one of those small towns where peace seems always to reign. The inhabitants have one regular routine that they follow week in and week out. Gossip is all the old ladies seem to have to do. There are the sewing circles that meet once a week; and also those afternoon teas where the old maids gossip about everything and everybody. These century-old traditions introduce long lines of hearsay. The old proverb, "Talk can make a mountain out of a molehill", comes true in this quiet little country village.

In every family there seems to be one child who cannot please the old maid aunt who sits around in all her grandeur like a queen on her throne.

When I was small I used to be rather mischievous and was always the worry of the household. The old maid, Aunt Elizabeth Victoria, as she insisted on being called, took the reprimanding part in hand, and mother and father would stand by and watch. They thought that Aunt Elizabeth with her sharp scolding could bring results.

Once when the preacher was to dine with us, my manners had to be practiced, and I was told not to ask for more than one helping of dessert as it was not good manners. Though I was told beforehand not to stare at the preacher, it seemed to be the very thing I could not refrain from doing. After the preacher departed, my aunt called me, and there ensued a long lecture on naughty, disobedient children. She referred to the Bible on several occasions, and I went to bed frightened by her lecture.

That night I dreamed of strange animals with horns and of being kicked out of the pearly gates. I later decided that that dream was the result of that second slice of pie and not the lecture.

After that I decided to become the pride of the house. I learned my Sunday School lessons, made good reports, and peace became ruler until

one day I overheard a conversation between Aunt Elizabeth and mother. "That child must be ill, Sophia," she said to mother; "I can't understand it. All her life she has been the worry of the house and now—" So after that I was put to bed. Pills, castor oil, and mustard plasters were followed with oatmeal ———.

After this trying experience I concluded to be natural, no matter how it affected other people. If my ways "didn't kill" (as my aunt put it), putting on would kill me, and so soon after I resumed my old ways.



Grass

By Helen Vaughan

Grass is mother Nature's carpet,
Which she spreads in early spring,
To receive all the visitors
Who make extended calls;
Then when the party is over
She rolls it up
And stores it till summer again.

Devotion

By F. Booth Uzzle



T was December 25, 1773. A family coach was rumbling down Oronoco Street in Alexandria, Virginia. Inside sat the four members of the Cary household. Lucille Cary, the mother, and William Cary, the father, were discussing together the impressive sermon which they had just heard at Christ Episcopal Church. On the other side of the coach sat William Cary, Junior, the son, and Alice Marie Cary, the daughter, who was twenty last July. Alice Marie was doing most of the talking,

as usual, but this time it was not about Mary Blake's new dress or Sally Blane's expensive bonnet; rather, she too was commenting on the sermon which she had just heard. With war with England looming just over the horizon, it seemed as though the rector had expounded at great length on the true meaning of Christmas, "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

As the coach drew up into the half-round drive in front of the impressive mansion at Oronoco and Fairfax Streets, Rawlings, the ever-alert footman, bounded off his high seat and prepared the steps. Once inside the house, they began to "let down," much the same as we do today. The whole atmosphere seemed to change from one of harmony to conflicting views on all sides. Naturally, the main topic of discussion was the "Boston Tea Party" which had been staged a short time before. Alice Marie's attitude was one of "know little, care little"; Willie Junior's was "The New Englanders have courage, but have we?" Mother thought that as long as they engineered the affair, they certainly shouldn't have disguised themselves as Indians; while father had little to say either way.

After an exceedingly elaborate Christmas dinner, the family fell to amusing themselves by reading or engaging in other mild pastimes until



mid-afternoon when they would make the annual Christmas social calls on their friends.

* * *

It was a month later, and the elder Mr. Cary and his son were in the spacious library of their home. By this time, full particulars of the Party had reached Alexandria, and everywhere people were discussing it at great length. William Cary, Senior, was talking.

"True, they tried to persuade the captain to take his cargo back to England, but still—"

"What else was to be done?" interrupted his son.

"Yes, I know, there was a deadlock," replied his father.

"And about the 'Georgia' that is tied up down at the river," said Willie Junior, "Captain Roberts has well over two hundred and fifty chests of tea in the hold."

"So he has, and I understand that he has been asked by a committee not to unload; but about this report that I want you to draw up for me—"

And so the matter was dropped.

William Cary was the partner in Cary Senior's business, and really earned his "allowance," or, if you please, "salary." He was well-trained and able to step in and run the business during his father's annual trips to England. Concerning this "revolution," he was one hundred per cent for breaking away from England, since he had made an extensive study of the whole affair. His father, on the other hand, did not often express himself, but he seemed (judging from what he had said on various occasions) to be leaning somewhat to the English side of the issue. As a matter of fact, though unknown to his entire family, he was a colonel in the British Reserves stationed at Alexandria.

Two weeks after this, the "Georgia" affair came to a head. The committee was determined to keep the tea from being landed, and so far had succeeded; Captain Roberts was equally as obstinate. Complications continued to arise until finally some backers of the committee, notably Willie Junior, and the committee itself decided, in a secret meeting, to have another "Tea Party" at Alexandria.

At the evening meal following this meeting, Willie Junior, desiring to show his sister what an important man he was about town, talked too much about the secret plans. To be more exact, it must be said that he told everything: the plan, the time, the place, and the purpose of this meeting. His father, upon hearing all this, suddenly got up from the table and with no explanation whatever went to his rooms.

Once alone, he threw himself on the bed to fight this thing out. What must he do? There had just been outlined before him the plans for a treasonous act, but yet—heavens above!—his own son was one of the principals in this mad scheme. He did not reappear that evening, but rather he stayed in his rooms to decide whether to serve his purposes—and thereby wreck his son's life—or to save his son—and thereby become a traitor himself. He had been born in England, reared in England, and, up until about fifteen years ago, he had made his living in England. Even now, he was dependent upon England for his continued business success. What must he do? What should he do? What was to be done?

On the appointed day, February 9, 1774, (the day following the aforesaid events) the Cary home was unusually quiet. Toward evening, when the family began to gather, there was a noticeable lack of general conversation. About seven in the evening William Junior left the house. A few odd minutes later (after donning his British "Red Coat") William Senior left the house, for he had orders to be at the docks in case of trouble. . . . He had reported the affair and had appeased his conscience by saying that he would shield his son—inconspicuously, of course—during the fray, for there was sure to be some violence.

After joining a fellow-soldier-neighbor, Colonel Cary proceeded towards the docks. Willie Junior, also having met with a fellow-neighbor—"insurgent" went in the same direction. Fate was certainly abroad this night, for, before the two pairs of men reached the docks, Willie and his comrade came upon his father and his military subordinate.

Seeing the two men in British uniform, and thinking that dead Britishers were the most desirable kind, William Junior and his accomplice fell upon the "Red Coats," not realizing their real identity. They, having been quickly felled by the heavy sticks, were dragged into a tavern. When the light fell on the face of Colonel Cary, his assailant—his son—fell back in dismay.

"My . . . father! M-my . . . own . . . father!" he gasped in utter confusion, for it was impossible for him to conceive of such a thing. "I . . . I, oh! It's . . . it's IMPOSSIBLE!" he cried.

Pulling himself together for the moment, he quickly summoned the bartender and from him got permission to carry his father to a back room couch where he might minister to him. As he worked to make his father regain consciousness, there raced through his mind many, many thoughts. He clearly remembered the many happy hours that he had spent with his father while he himself was still a boy, the day when he had been given his very own musket, the morning when he, as a youth, had caught the largest fish of them all, and how his father had complimented him. These

and other cherished thoughts came to him as he helped his father regain consciousness.

Finally, slowly and painfully, while still in his namesake's arms, William Cary said, "Son, the British cause is the just one."

And so he died, a patriot who was true to his native country to his very last breath.



Attack

By Jean Owens

Grey clouds are moving stairs to the nightly sun,
Our midnight moon, a silver, curving half.
They rush to greet the leading star
Who lures them with a twinkling laugh.

Some lag behind as slow and dignified
As pompous butlers who regally serve their guests.
With frustrate hopes, these pretty ones
Are left as lordly mountain crests.

The mellow moon of heaven watches them
And fears the loss of her queenly leading place,
So fruitless beauty fades, destroyed
By darker clouds who hide her face.

A Bolted Door

By Alice Jones



STANDING on Hamilton Street, half-listening to the story of a case argued by Edmund Jennings Lee, I suddenly spied in the dull, brick wall a green wooden door. Oblivious to the rest of the lecture, I lingered, musing on that quaint old door—for when will dreams be ruled?

What soft fingers must have pressed the stubborn iron fastening, what broad shoulders have pushed it open easily, what tired feet have stumbled on its threshold! Fascinated, I forgot that time was passing. What most of all intrigued me was not the women's white hands, nor the man's broad shoulders, nor the slow, shuffling steps of slaves weary with burdens that had, in ages gone, passed over this worn sill, but what lay behind that portal, mysterious in its very simplicity. What flowers—fragrant garden sweet with summer rains? What mystic fairyland, wonder-filled? What far, unattainable dreams? All that I could never have, but must always seek, seemed to lie just beyond that closed green door.

The fastening of "my" door (for inasmuch as a dream can be possessed, so can that which inspired it) did not yield to my inquiring hand and the wall was insurmountable; so I might have no glimpse of the hidden wonders. Only in imagination could I call up the "vision splendid," the lovelier in that it was misty with the haze of dreams. How much better that the door was bolted; thus I might retain the image unsullied by gross reality. Something was hidden behind the mystic door that I could never see,—and never forget.

As we continued our sight-seeing trip, I thought more and more of the green door and the beauty of its symbolism. The lovely lines



“These things
I have come to love
Even more and more;
Winding pathways—
Lit with flowers—
Pathways to a bolted door!”

drifted through my mind. “Winding pathways!” How devious are the ways of Fate! I had come to Alexandria to see the historical sights, and instead I had found—what? Only a picturesque old door? No, a dream—a dream so beautiful that it stirred me with a passion more of pain than of ecstasy.

My interest aroused by the green door, I was delighted to find many more quaint gates in Alexandria, which, though often surpassing mine in beauty, had not quite the same startling significance. The beautiful wrought-iron gate at the garden of Lord Fairfax was perhaps the most impressive. On Cameron Street I discovered several little green wooden gates which hid dark, unsightly alleys with their bright charm,—one had a square iron grill which it was exciting to peep through, although one saw only the prosaic sights of an alley; the rounded arch of another created an impression of simple and unstudied symmetry of line. The large white wooden gate of Holland House spoke of Negro boys hurrying to hold it wide that welcome visitors might enter the charming colonial garden. The wrought-iron gates were of two kinds: the simple Colonial type and the more ornate style of later days.

Gates and doorways—what did they mean? Entrance into something new. If so, what? Ah, I would never know, and that was the charm of it.

Could the gods have given me this lovely dream without preparing me in any way to receive their gift? Suppose I had never noticed the first green door that I now call the “gateway to dreams.” I dreaded to think of such a loss. Then I knew that the omen that presaged it had been the sunrise, prophetic in its loveliness. There passed before my mind unforgettable pictures of the golden sun dispelling silver grey mists from a field bathed in gold, and rosy fingers drawing the veil from bright trees. Such a vision of loveliness prepared one for anything. Other half-remembered scenes crowded my mind, assuming new proportions as prophecies of my dream: the silver ribbon of a river against its dark background; bright leaves falling like golden coins, gaily tossed to the wind; mysterious mountains wrapped in mist.

On our way homeward with the memory of a green door stamped indelibly on my brain, we passed through the Wilderness, and it seemed as

though I could hear Jeb Stuart's laughter echoing ghost-like in the eerie shadows, a symbol of memories that live on through the years. Would some one in later years also love the significance of my "bolted door?" My old, old door—what though it could be only two hundred years old?—the significance is ageless, and dreams are eternal.



The Ball

By Leon Alexander

In autumn nature gives its ball,
The world disguised in masquerade.
Lakes, woods, and fields all answer the call
To adorn themselves in purple and jade,
To dance upon the earthly floor.
The wind is their band and on it plays
Till winter comes and the dancers fade.



Mount Vernon

By Alice Jones



THE trip from Alexandria to Mount Vernon was long enough for me to imagine the beautiful Washington highway a muddy road and the speeding car a slow-moving, lumbering stage coach of the eighteenth century. Only the lazy Potomac with its background of dark grey woods and silver grey sky remain unchanged by the passing years that have wrought so marvelous a transformation in other things.

I had planned to visit Mount Vernon not as a sight-seer, but as a guest of the Washingtons. Therefore, after a moment for the transition, I stepped back into their time. In imagination I smoothed my billowing skirts and began worrying about my non-existent trunk, without which no lady went traveling in colonial days—not because of her extensive and expansive wardrobe, but for the simple reason that with such poor transportation facilities, a visit lasted at least a month, for there was no knowing when guest and host might meet again.

My first glimpse of Mount Vernon made me hold my breath: the white house framed with the flamboyant colors of autumn leaves was an unforgettable picture.

Followed by an imaginary slave bearing my trunk on his shoulder, I started up the walk, which was long enough to give me an opportunity to look about. Wherever I turned there was something to be admired. On one side were the rolling green pastures—probably where Washington broke the colt's leg. Beyond, the woods stretched into the blue distance as far as the eye could see.

Washington must have had the country gentleman's love of the land and the aristocrat's pride in his broad acres—the only true wealth. Mount Vernon must have had a profound effect on Washington. Without this great estate he could never have been the country gentleman. Only with this wealth could he have undertaken the office of President of the new country, for even in those days entertainment was lavish, and Mrs. Washington's was the true Southern hospitality. And Washington held a court like a king's.

Passing the numerous outbuildings, I first saw the house, but from the rear because it fronts on the river. The lawn is so green that the name of the estate might well refer to its verdant loveliness; but in reality, Lawrence Washington, George's half-brother, was so full of enthusiasm

for the English Admiral Vernon under whom he served in the West Indies that he named his newly completed house for his commander. Upon the death of Lawrence's infant daughter, the estate went to Washington.

As I entered the banquet hall, the most elaborate room in the house, the crowds of tourists seemed to vanish, and I was conscious only of my hostess, a shadowy figure in white and gold with powdered hair and the gracious, dignified air of a grande dame. As she hospitably escorted me, I stopped to admire the beautiful furnishings of the room and exclaimed at the number of costly gifts sent by Washington's many friends to decorate his simple home. The carpet was the gift of a king—Louis XVI; the brass fire dogs were from the great republican, Lafayette.

The exquisitely and ornately carved marble mantelpiece was the gift of a Mr. Vaughn. The sculptor Canova spent years on it. It looks as though the young lambs with their little legs like sticks press close to their mothers in an effort to escape from the restraining marble and gambol on the lawn glimpsed temptingly through the arched window.

Of the downstairs rooms the dining room is perhaps the most personal. Here one can imagine Mother Washington presiding over the glittering array of silver and crystal on the mahogany table, Washington discoursing on some agricultural topic and Mrs. Washington agreeing with her husband as a dutiful wife should. In those days breakfast was quite an occasion where both culinary and conversational arts were displayed to advantage. That prolonged early feast ended, I strolled into the hall.

Here is one of the most significant relics, the huge key of the Bastille, which the liberty-loving Lafayette sent to Washington as a symbol that France, too, as he believed, was aflame with the fire of liberty, kindled by Washington in America.

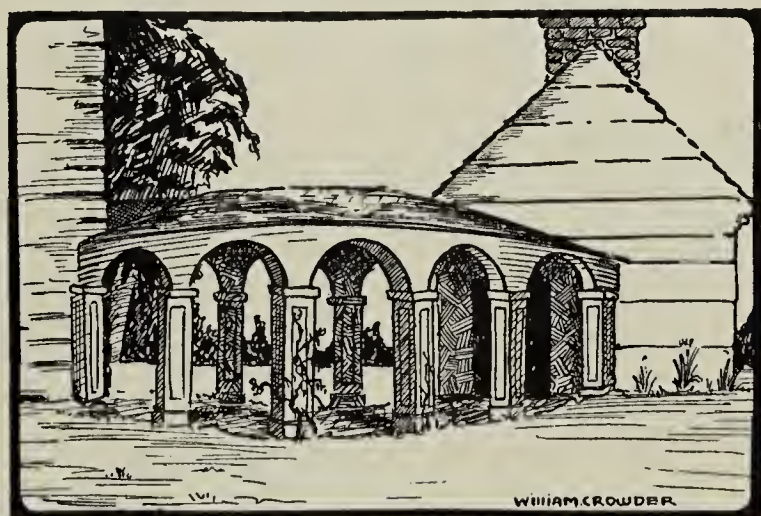
The vista from the wide veranda was magnificent. How very different this serenity and simple luxury from the anxiety and cruel hardships of Valley Forge! Nevertheless, Washington did not hesitate to leave his lovely home and endure the privations of camp in the service of his country. Yet—who knows?—it must have been with unspeakable sadness that he stood there, where I was standing then, and wondered if he would ever return to the home he loved so well.

I could see the slender hand of the lovely chatelaine of Mount Vernon lying startlingly white against the dark balustrade, and the white and gold of her train lay on the stairs like a pool of color, as, half turning, she looked back at me with a charming smile. So she might have welcomed many a travel-weary guest looking forward to the snowy sheets of a four-poster bed made more luxurious by a warming pan.

On entering Lafayette's room, my first thought was how luxurious

it was compared with the small, cramped room which the distinguished young Frenchman had occupied at Gadsby's Tavern. There he had probably been received by a shy, apple-cheeked maid in bright homespun bobbing hasty curtsies to the young Marquis. At Mount Vernon, however, the stately lady had greeted him with her quiet, gracious air which must have made the young Frenchman, lonely for his native land, feel at home in the Virginia which he loved next to France. It was a charming room, which had an air of dispensing hospitality and warmth. The draperies of the high four-poster bed were French, as was the carpet, in compliment to the guest.

In the room of Nelly Custis, Martha Washington's granddaughter, was a neglected loom with a piece of unfinished needlepoint, the last work she undertook—a pathetic reminder of the brevity of life. In imagination, I saw Nelly bending over her child in the carved mahogany crib, a



smile of ineffable tenderness on the face of Washington's favorite granddaughter. Or she may have lulled the baby to sleep with music from the harpsichord which Washington had given her. Ghostly echoes of this lullaby lingered in my ears as I left the room.

Washington's bedroom contained all the original furniture,—a fact true of no other room in the house. How strange it seemed that the great man himself had lived among these very things! With a feeling of awe I gazed at the bed where the father of his country died. There was a quaint little trunk at the foot of his bed that he had carried everywhere with him. It had held his uniforms during the Revolution. In the corner was a desk somewhat scarred by usage. On this very desk Washington wrote the fine epistles which remain perfect examples of the stately and dignified style used by gentlemen in those days.

At the end of the old-fashioned garden, in which Washington took such pride, was the museum. Here were many little intimate things that made the family at Mount Vernon seem the more real: Nelly's locket, a lovely miniature encircled with pearls; the tiny silver candlestick which may have lighted her up the dark stairway at night; Martha's fan, hand-painted and lace-trimmed, and her gold watch; Washington's seal decorated with his coat of arms, and his snuff box with a picture of a fox hunt, the favorite sport of Virginia gentlemen. As I was leaving, thinking what a lovely visit I had had at Vernon, I caught sight of an especially interesting object. It was a needle book—made of the gold and white satin of Mrs. Washington's ball dress—a delightful memento of my charming hostess.



Day Dreams

By Frances Ellis

While all the world is passing by,
I sit content with my thought.
I dream of a gay and cheery land
That my heart alone has wrought
From out of the pages of history,
When knights for maidens fought.

My dream world is a world of romance;
Full of laughter, joy and fun,
And our minds will be free from toil and care,
And we rest when day is done.
Brave and gallant knights are there
Whose battles are bravely won.

Alas, I never will see that world,
A world that will please just me,
For each mortal would have a different thought
Of what the world should be,
But in my heart I'll treasure still
That beautiful memory.

Hit and Run Driver

By William Whichard



JOHN JACKSON was driving home from work, along Halifax Street. He was already late for supper, so he was going rather fast. Since darkness had already fallen, he had no way of knowing that a little girl was running across the street until the child ran directly in the path of the speeding roadster.

Nothing and nobody could have prevented what followed.

In about the time it takes a flash of lightning to fade, the accident was over and photographed in Jackson's mind. Unforgettably, he saw a protecting hand thrown up. He heard a bump; or felt it—a very little one. There wasn't any cry. He saw a limp figure thrown to the side of the road.

What then took place was instinctive, as that which preceded had been inevitable. On looking around, he saw that no one had witnessed the accident. In panic he pressed his foot on the gas and sent the roadster racing ahead.

He was so upset that he didn't want to face his wife till he had cooled off, so he drove around in order to think it over.

"I couldn't help it," he told himself; "it wasn't my fault. She ran right into me."

"Why, then, flee?" his inner-self asked.

"Best thing, I suppose," he lied to himself. "I couldn't help it, anyhow. It was her fault, but they might have held me."

And so on, endlessly.

"Dorothy and little Jane," he decided, "musn't know anything about it, of course."



When he reached home he drove straight into the garage. Closing and locking the door on the inside, he did something that he had been thinking must be done. Gruesome to think about, but it had to be done. He took an old rag and wiped the bumper, fender and front wheels, in order to leave no telltale evidence. When he finished, he burned the rag.

He locked the garage and started for the house. This would be the test, he knew. The door wasn't locked; he let himself in without ringing. Nobody downstairs—that was odd! Where were Dorothy and Jane?

A murmur of voices upstairs. They must not have heard him drive in. "I'll surprise them," he thought.

He put away his coat and hat and tiptoed upstairs.

Lights were on in all the rooms. The voices were in Jane's room. The room seemed full of people.

Dorothy was near the door. She turned and saw him. With a strangled cry, she stumbled toward him.

"John! John!"

He caught her in his arms.

"Why, Dottie—dear," he asked alarmed, "What is it? What's the matter?"

Even before she answered, terrible knowledge began to creep into his brain. He stared over her shoulder at the faces of the strangers, then past them to a little white cold face on the pillow.

"Our Jane," she sobbed brokenly. "Some cowardly driver hit her and ran away."

The Brook

By Alice Richardson

A babbling brook, in a grassy nook,
Trickles and travels along,
To reach the sea and forever be
A part of a happy song.

It gushes along, while singing a song,
That is gurgling, gladsome, and gay,
As it rushes past, so rapid, so fast,
While wending its joyous way.

Pedigree Menace

By Bess Windham



H, for the little dog that roots 'neath ye ole willow tree; the apple of my father's eye, and, very definitely, the mote in mine. Angel though they think he is, and even if he did come complete with a pedigree and straight from the seven gates, he's going back by the back way if I have anything to do with it.

He's a cute little thing; clever and friendly, tripping out from hiding as I leave for church and planting his little paws daintily on the front of my dress. Such love, such a wag of his tail! Such dirt! Such. . . . fleas! He is the essence of good manners, and he probably is the second King of England in the dog's world. He chews like a regular little gentleman too. You should have seen him disintegrate my gloves, and my hat. . . . oh, that was art! Piece by piece, and just as methodical as you please, he piled the scraps (shreds would describe them better) before my door. Of course I was touched, but I dare say he was touched a little more. That dog's got a mind of his own. No sir, I wouldn't take a million dollars for that pup. My conscience wouldn't let me cheat anybody like that.

Did I mention ye ole willow tree? There had been a garden under it, but that went out when the pooch came in. Now it serves the great and noble purpose of being a burial ground. You've heard of elephant burial grounds, no doubt. My dog is also familiar with them, but no bleached bones for him! He runs a regular little cold storage plant, and just in case you might guess there was a bone there, he trots over to the remaining flower garden and manfully covers up the scene of action with a few blossoms of verbenā and sweet alyssum.

Did I say he has sense? Why our dog could be a professor. He would probably be the greatest mathematician on earth. Five minutes before the milkman comes. . . . five barks. Milkman arrives. . . . three barks. Ten steps through the gate. . . . ten barks. Ten steps out of the gate. . . . twenty barks. Six steps. . . . and so on through the day, through the night, and on into Hades, maybe, I hope.

Perhaps I shouldn't be quite so heartless. Perhaps I shall give him the last four pieces of that expensive candy (as my sister does) and invite the neighbors to see how clever he is. How tricky and how angelic, when he stands on his hind legs and begs. How utterly utter when he eats that last slice of cake. I think I shall, no doubt, sell him some day. The dog goes free, but it was worth five cents to keep those pedigree papers straight!



A Letter

By Sara Farber



DEAR LOUIS,

As I write this letter a deep feeling of guilt creeps over me. I am one among the many who are entirely ignorant of the various types of beauty in my native state. The incident which made me aware of this fact was my trip to Alexandria, Virginia.

I saw Alexandria in all its glory on a crisp autumn day! The trip was a most delightful experience.

As you near Alexandria, you begin to get a taste of its historic background. The taste proves to be an appetizer.

We started our day by examining the old colonial architecture. As I strolled along the brick streets of the older section of town, I felt myself being transformed into a maiden in a hoop skirt and long curls, with a little nosegay of roses in my hand. It was a glorious feeling. We passed the homes of many of our great celebrities. The unique characteristics of their homes were the tall brick walls with big wooden doors, the iron railings of the porches, and glazed windows. The beauty of these homes was their simplicity.

Christ Church is another very impressive sight in our historic gallery, Alexandria. This was Washington's and Lee's place of worship. The pews are typical of that day, being U-shaped and having seats on all sides. Washington's pew stood out so vividly that I don't believe I'll ever forget that fifty-nine in Christ Church at Alexandria is the number of the pew which one of our most beloved patriots used. Although permission was given us, I did not deem myself worthy of entering either Washington's or Lee's pew.

A circular stairway led up to the preacher's pulpit which was suspended from the ceiling.

I found the old Presbyterian Meeting House very interesting. The organ there, which is said to be one of the oldest in the world, attracted me greatly. It had such a very sweet tone, and music blended beautifully with these surroundings.

The First Masonic Home of America is in Alexandria. The place possesses a rare beauty. I was proud of it, Louis, ever so proud of it. George Washington was the first master of this lodge, which today is a museum. You see, the Masons of old realized that Masons of the future would be fascinated by the history they were in the process of making.

We then visited Gadsby's Tavern. I will always remember this quaint

little place, which, with its cozy air, suggested Southern hospitality. Where, except in Virginia, could any one see a place like this?

It was only natural that we, as a small tribute to Washington, visit Mount Vernon. Washington's home is very charming. Yes, just that, for it did charm me. In the reception room, we were admiring the exquisite marble mantel carved by the great Italian sculptor Canova, when the clock on the mantle rang out the hour.

It startled us. The reaction from this was strange—life that had been at Mount Vernon during Washington's day was still there. The chimes of this same clock were familiar to Washington's ears—it continued to breathe life into the home. I was still imagining lovely things about the mantel when my companion told me "tempus fugit" and that there was much more to be seen.

We then spoke to a superannuated man, with a long, white mustache, who had been a guide at Mt. Vernon for approximately forty years. This old fellow, whose name is William Jones Perman, delighted in telling us little tales about Washington which had been handed down to him through generations.

While meandering around, we soon found ourselves in the garden. The place was lovely—the air was cool, the sky a clear blue. How picturesque!

We passed the tomb of our first President. There was something in the atmosphere that made our blood tingle. We paused for a few moments while silence reigned.

As we strolled down toward the river, the trees with their conglomeration of colors forming an arch overhead, I imagined myself walking through the arch of Mother Nature's palace. As I listened to the quiet and soothing rhythm of the Potomac lapping against the shore, I felt at peace with the world. Nature seemed to be the dominating power here.

Mount Vernon was all one could fancy it to be—and there was something so comforting in the fact that "the general" had such a lovely home.

As we doffed our hats in fond farewell to Alexandria, I felt that our visit would always be one of the most pleasant experiences of my high school life.

Since the trip, I have often thought of the contrast between going and returning. On our way there we sang all the popular songs of the day. Coming back at sunset, we drifted to the ballroom songs of Washington's day. It was in our blood, Louis, and we poured our hearts out in a most appropriate manner—in old songs.

Love,
Sis.

The Mantle

By Lillie Harwell



BEAUTIFUL Creature clothed in white and crowned with thorns descended the marble steps of Jerusalem's chief public building. Clamoring people who filled the narrow streets poked Him with sticks, and they yelled, "Crucify!"

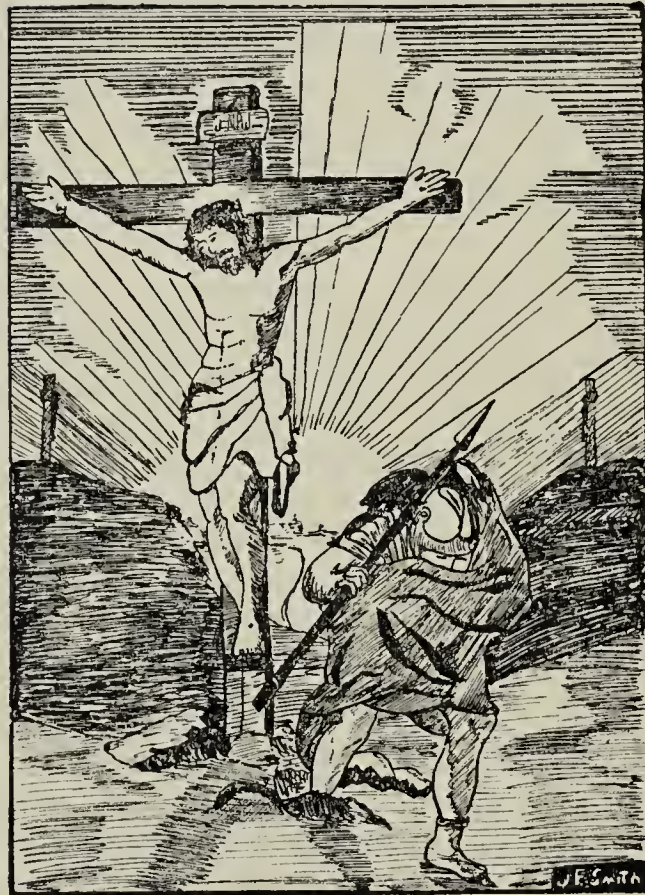
Caius Philip, one of the giant soldiers, had a will greater than his size. All Jerusalem feared him, for he was quick with the whip. Helena, his wife, always dreaded the time when she could hear his footsteps approaching.

It was Philip who drove the crowds to the side of the street so that Jesus could reach the cross. Many of the middle-aged men and women whom He had helped pleaded for mercy.

On and on Jesus, the soldiers, and the impetuous spectators made their way to Calvary's summit. Curses, sneers, hisses, and the drag of the cross faded from Pilate's ears, and he turned away with a sad heart.

After the nailing was finished, and all duties were done, Philip joined his comrades in a dice game with the clothes of the center condemned One as the stake. Philip had an eye for the mantle for extra bed covering, and he finally won it.

Leaving the confusion on the hill and feeling very well satisfied, he threw the mantle over his broad shoulder and started forth. At first Philip did not notice the clouds forming in the sky, but the sudden darkness and the silence of the witnesses on Calvary made him quicken his stride. His humble but neat home was located in the district on the far end of the city. Of course he would stop at the soldiers' favorite gathering place



just as he had always done in rain storms, but the power of the mantle which hung over his shoulder compelled him to pass the place. Philip could not understand what was happening to him; why did he not go in? Certainly the white robe of a crucified Man could change the heart of a soldier! Now he thought only of how he had mistreated Helena and her son, and beaten the citizens of Jerusalem unjustly.

The rain had thoroughly soaked the hard-packed streets. The mud was ankle deep, and Philip made very slow progress. The earth shook, fires broke out in various parts of the city, and Philip tried to protect himself by dodging the timbers that fell in his path. The darkness was like a curtain about him, with no light except a flickering candle in the distance.

Screams and moans were heard often. Philip shuddered for the first time in years. Why should he, a man of iron will fear the moans of dying people when he had nailed Christ to the cross? The thought of the blood trickling down the Body of Jesus, the King of the Jews, lingered in his mind during his struggle against the storm.

Philip stopped and shook his aching head to see if it was all a dream or imagination. He removed his helmet, and the cool rain relieved the pain as it splashed on his well shaped head.

The light ahead grew larger and brighter. Philip smiled, for he could see his house in the distance, but when he came closer he saw a large post had crushed the side of the house. Panic struck him—Helena! He ran and called her name again and again.

He opened the door and stood there amazed. In the corner of the room knelt Helena praying, calling upon the name of Jesus. She did not feel the presence of her husband, but Philip silently went over and knelt beside her. He put the mantle down before him and kissed it. Helena smiled, for all was well.

Night Sounds Gentle south winds softly sighing
At the close of day;
By Florence Johnson Flapping wings of creatures flying;
Crickets, with each other vieing,
Tunes on tiny trumpets play.
Shrilly shrieks the whipporwill
Above the screeching owl;
While croaking frogs the night air fill
With a rumble, grumble, echoing still,
The steady, drowsy, droning growl.

Alexandria Oddities

By Harry Kauffman



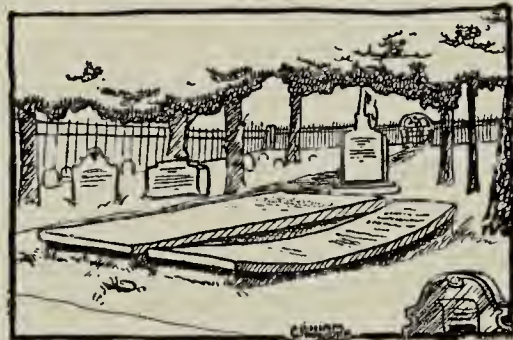
In the City Hall is a case labeled weights and measures sent over by George III for the use of Alexandria. I saw six or eight rather elaborate brass pans, evidently measures, and four small, rusty weights, none of which weighed as much as five pounds. His Majesty must have gotten stingy by the time he reached the weights.

* * *

Under the pulpit of the Old Presbyterian Meeting House Dr. Muir, one of the first pastors of the church, is buried just as he stipulated in his will. It seemed to be a successful, if a rather peculiar, way for the worthy pastor to have his name remembered in connection with the quaint old church.

* * *

In the graveyard beside Christ Church is a slab of granite perhaps two inches thick lying horizontally over a grave about a century and a half old. The brick masonry supporting the slab has given way and the granite has sagged several inches in the middle, but there is no trace of a crack. I had no idea stone would bend so far without snapping in two.



* * *

In many of the old colonial churches most of the old square pews have benches all around the enclosure so that all occupants face the center of the pew. It has always been a source of wonder to me how anyone sitting on the side of the pew nearest the pulpit can see the preacher without twisting around in his seat. Maybe the preachers weren't worth looking at.

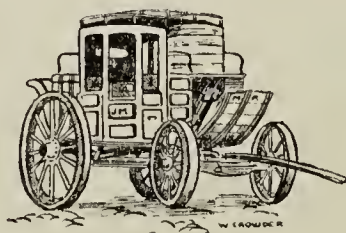
* * *

I was impressed by the number of the old foot scrapers around practically all the old homes of Alexandria. These were a necessity in the days when streets were ankle deep in mud and there were no sidewalks,

and I noticed that all the crossbars, on which the actual scraping was done, were worn down in the middle by constant use. Another reminder of horse and buggy days was a little metal statue about two feet high of a darkie holding in his hand a ring to which horses were hitched. He was attractively painted (that's how I knew he was a negro), but his face was coal black, and, if there is anything I dislike to see, it is the picture of a negro with a too black face.

* * *

Out in the court at Gadsby's Tavern was a weatherbeaten old coach, said to have belonged to James Madison. My first thought was that it was a shame for a relic out in the weather, but that in all probability considered buying it. The first interest in the coach was to see the springs which I had seen on these old vehicles. I found them, somewhat to my surprise, big, heavy leather straps, which my father could use for purposes of chastisement even to better advantage than the accustomed belt.



* * *

In the Masonic Temple there are many articles once belonging to Washington: chairs, his wedding gloves, his clock, a pruning knife, his Bible, his penknife and a very plain glass goblet, the first piece of glass made in America. I wonder what could have happened to his snuff-box. About the above-mentioned penknife this interesting story is told:

His mother had given it to Washington when he was eleven years old to reward him for not joining the navy, and he carried it around for many years. During that discouraging winter at Valley Forge when Washington was so disheartened that he was about to hand in his resignation, he chanced to catch sight of the knife, and was so inspired by it that he destroyed the resignation. Therefore, Washington continued to serve as commander-in-chief of the American forces, and the Revolution was brought to a successful conclusion all because of this knife.

By the way, I discovered when I was about to leave the Temple that all this to do about Washington was because he had once been a grand master of the Masons.

* * *

A peculiar style of architecture was exhibited in two or three of the buildings in Alexandria. A house of this type looks more like a jail to me

than anything else; they are plain rectangular structures with no windows on the north side to save glass, which was quite expensive in colonial times.

* * *

I was astonished by the plainness of the light fixture in the dining room of Gadsby's Tavern. The main part was a flimsy circular affair of tin, made to set the candles upon. The whole thing was supported by a heavy rusty wire attached to the center. It seemed to me that if candles were placed on one side and left off the other, the thing would topple over to the heavy side and fall down.

* * *

Bolted on the house where John L. Lewis now lives is an oval metal plate about a foot high. On it is shown rather crudely a barrel with a hose running from it and the letters "F" and "A." The letters stand for Fire Association, which the early fire insurance companies were called, and every member of the association had one of these metal pieces on his house. These early insurance companies supported a fire crew which would rush to a fire as soon as the alarm was turned in. If the house had one of the metal plates on it, the crew attempted to put out the fire; if it did not have one, it was allowed to burn to the ground. This reminds me of one way the Roman millionaire Croesus got rich. He organized some of his slaves into a fire crew, which he would take with him to a fire. If the owner of the burning building wouldn't sell it to Croesus for practically nothing, he would let it burn. If the proprietor sold it, the slaves would extinguish the blaze, and Croesus would realize a handsome profit from the building after it was repaired.



Two Poems

Why It Rains

By Charlotte Beville

The angels are cleaning up heaven today;
They must remove the soil;
It has lost its blue and gotten gray,
And they must busily toil.

They scrub with rags of snowy white
And wring them out to dry,
We humans seem to think it's rain
Which falls down from the sky.

And when their task at last is done,
The wind helps as it can
To blow the sudsy clouds away
And leave all spick and span.

The Fair

By Frank Farris

The fair is here again this year,
With side-shows, freaks, and eating stands,
And chickens, horses, cows, and steers;
And the girls hold fast to their boy friends' hands.

There's something about it that gets in your veins:
The crowd, the bright lights, the noise, and smells.
You laugh and talk with might and main;
There's a gayety in your heart that dwells.

You forget all the trouble and sorrows you had,
As you walk with the crowd so happy and gay.
And when it comes time to go, you're sad,
But often you'll think of that glorious day.



“Gone With The Wind”

By Margaret Mitchell

Reviewed by Alice Jones



ONE WITH THE WIND” has been so widely read, so enthusiastically received, that a reader opening it for the first time experiences a feeling of reluctance lest his illusions be shattered. He need have no fear. Although the novel comprises more than a thousand pages, the reader’s interest never lags, and it is with a sigh of regret that he closes the book.

No matter how widely acclaimed a piece of writing may be, there are always some critics who wish to cavil. Yet every page is interesting, and not one could have been omitted without detriment to the story. “The San Francisco Chronicle” calls it “a book that is all story.” An intensely interesting story, certainly; but the plot is important only as it affects the characters. A more important criticism emanates from the pen of Christopher Morley, who calls “Gone With the Wind” a melodrama. While this is technically true, it bears an unfair connotation, for to the popular mind melodramatic means extravagant. Of course, being a novel of the Civil War, it must be melodramatic in a certain sense, for war is melodrama. But the characters are essentially real, living people, and the ghastly horrors of the war which Miss Mitchell depicts so vividly are not exaggerated.

Julia Peterkin, herself a Southern woman, believes, however, “that ‘Gone With the Wind’ is unsurpassed in the whole of American literature.” Perhaps the greatest tribute to this novel of the South comes from “The Boston Herald” which acclaims it as “The Great American Novel.”

Margaret Mitchell grew up in Atlanta with the story of the South’s

gallant struggle forever in her ears. The only battle she never heard of was Appomattox. Not until she was ten years old did she learn with amazement and sorrow that the Southern Confederacy was dead. Because she loves the South and glories in the dauntless courage of the men who defended "The Lost Cause," Miss Mitchell's novel is written in the white heat of enthusiasm which is communicated to the reader.

There is no emotion that Miss Mitchell does not share with her characters. Yet there is nothing sensational, nothing exaggerated. "Gone With the Wind" is a vivid, dramatic novel. The author paints a word picture remarkable for its clarity. (Miss Mitchell is a former newspaper writer, and her training has stood her in good stead.) The exquisite delicacy and sensitiveness of Miss Mitchell's style is quite notable for a first novel.

The story of such magnificent courage fills the Southern reader with awe and pride in his heritage. Though written about the South, this is not a book for the South alone, for it is the history of our country. This story of a vanished era, the Golden Age of the South, should be read by all America for its true and magnificent portrayal of the heroism of the men and women who could so gallantly face the destruction of their world. The time is not far distant when there will be no one left to tell such tales of the War and Reconstruction as the children heard in Melanie's parlor, and as Miss Mitchell herself heard.

The wistful, haunting title from Ernest Dawson's "Cynara" "I have forgot much, gone with the wind," is most appropriate.

The events are so dramatic and wide in scope that against such a vivid background the characters might seem pallid and lifeless. But even the least of the plantation slaves is a living person. Scarlett O'Hara, the heroine, whose father, an Irish peasant, had married a Southern aristocrat, is beautiful, charming, utterly selfish, and reasonably intelligent, but with an astonishing lack of education. If the horrors of war and the outrages of reconstruction had not had their terrible effect on her, perhaps the dormant characteristics of her earthy, peasant ancestry might never have appeared. But once having endured hunger and poverty, Scarlett vows never to be hungry again, and she proceeds in a ruthless manner to satisfy her avarice. Rhett Butler, as bold and unscrupulous as she, loves Scarlett for these very characteristics which they share. Both are essentially realists in an age of romanticism. Rhett is derided because he sees clearly the impending ruin of the South and scoffs at the "Glorious Cause." Withal he is a charming scoundrel and touchingly devoted to Scarlett.

But it is Ashley Wilkes who is the epitome of Southern pride and culture. The only world to which he belongs is swept away and Ashley,

like Hamlet, is utterly unfitted for the task that he must undertake. The very qualities which graced ante-bellum days incapacitate him for earning by manual labor on the plantation even a meagre living for his family; he is too generous and considerate to become a trader. A dreamer who spent more time in the library than in the saddle, he is even more unfitted to the reverses of reconstruction than his fox-hunting neighbors.

Melanie, his loyal, loving wife, clings to her ideals as tenaciously as he; yet she knows so well how to live that she can accept defeat gracefully. Her unselfish devotion to her family makes her more capable than Ashley. The hardships which harden and embitter Scarlett only refine the gentle spirit of Melanie.

In the words of Grandma Fontaine, some people are of finer fibre, like wheat, which is flattened by the storm, and others, like buckwheat, bow with every wind and, when the storm is over, rise again, stronger than before. Thus after the Civil War it was the survival of the strongest, if not of the best.

“An American Doctor’s Odyssey”

By Victor Heiser, M. D.

Reviewed by Jean Owens



DOCTOR for nations instead of individuals, Victor Heiser has recounted the most stirring events of his kaleidoscopic career in an odyssey of missionary work in preventive medicine. Although his book deals primarily with diseases, their history, prevention and cure, it has features which recommend it to everyone. Where the scientist will prefer his account of health conditions in the Orient, the lay reader enjoys the Munchausen experiences in thirty years of exciting adventures—hardly adventures, for he did not seek them; they just happened to him in the course of a day’s work.

As a boy of sixteen he rode blithely along on a barn with the Johnstown flood. His experiences during that time when he lost his home and parents and, horror-stricken, watched friends swept under the onrushing maelstrom, must have inured him to the horrors of cholera and leprosy. However, he did not lose a valuable sense of humor that enabled him to enjoy the discomforts of traveling with some four hundred animals, three hundred and fifty humans and an unaccountable number of lice and fleas as intimate shipmates.

His keen foresight was a force which made him the directing power of many governments, and this, coupled with his extraordinary executive

ability, enabled him to establish in eleven years a Philippine Public Health Service that even subsequent mismanagement could not wreck.

The book cannot be read without acquiring an appreciation of the unacclaimed service of these missionaries of health. It was perhaps to accomplish this that Dr. Heiser compiled his work from huge boxes of memoranda and diaries.

Proof of the successful use of vaccine is so complete that its far-reaching effects will greatly diminish the ranks of the anti-vaccinationists. The fervor of his staff in the tedious work that all might procure the miraculously disease-freeing vaccine is final evidence that the results were worth the effort.

As "globe-trotting drummer" for the International Health Rockefeller Foundation on his sixteen round-the-world jaunts, he established a system of sanitation in forty-five countries. To gain his one objective, health, he was instrumental in breaking down the graft and corruption of various governments. In telling of this he does not hesitate to mention the destructive effects a ridiculously small health-service appropriation has on a nation when money-grabbing politicians are out for personal wealth.

In his graphic descriptions of prevalent diseases he does not fail to give well-deserved praise to those concerned in discovering preventives and cures. However, he shows clearly that their knowledge would have been worthless if there had not been trained men to instruct nations to use this knowledge. Following the hookworm into every country of the world, controlled bubonic plague down to the last flea on the last rat, and practically making smallpox extinct, he urged health on people who, never having had it, did not desire it.

A purely scientific piece of literature, this book is unique in having such well-constructed chapters which supply the absence of continuity in such a book. To discuss a disease thoroughly Dr. Heiser takes you into many countries, demonstrating the different effects which the same disease has on various countries. Consequently his career is not taken chronologically and is apt to confuse the reader, but Dr. Heiser feels, evidently, that disease is more interesting than his own life. The topic of germs is not, however, expressed in too technical terms, but a lengthy discussion, even though one likes it, is apt to become a little boring. One's interest is soon regained by some peculiarly touching chapter in which there are sufficient human interest stories for a dozen novels.

One feels that his spectacular beginning as a survivor of the Johnstown flood was indicative of his subsequent, thoroughly exciting service to mankind.

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